


THE LIBRARY.

DID SIR ROGER WILLIAMS WRITE THE MARPRELATE TRACTS?

[In his two articles in 'THE LIBRARY' for April and July of this year, on 'Martin Marprelate and Shakespeare's Fluellen,' Mr. Dover Wilson proposed Sir Roger Williams as the most probable candidate for the authorship of the earlier Marprelate Tracts. These articles have aroused considerable interest, and it is therefore a pleasure to be able to print in this number the views of two other experts on the subject—the Rev. William Pierce, the latest editor of the Tracts themselves, and Mr. R. B. McKerrow, editor of the Works of the chief anti-Martinist writer, Thomas Nashe.—EDD.]

I.

R. J. DOVER WILSON has on former occasions lit up with his lively fancy the writings of Martin Marprelate. But his last two articles in 'THE LIBRARY' for April and July have given these old controversial documents almost the vivid interest of contemporary publications. To trace the unknown Puritan champion to Shakespeare's Fluellen is an adventure quite

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Elizabethan in its romantic daring. And as I have the misfortune to differ with Mr. Wilson in his identification, I wish at once to recognise the extraordinary ingenuity and the wide acquaintance with the civil and ecclesiastical events of the time, whereby he has been able to discover so many interesting coincidences between the movements of the Elizabethan Welsh soldier, Sir Roger Williams, and the publication of the Marprelate Tracts, and to build up so complete and so plausible a theory of their authorship.

Incidental to his attempt to establish the Marprelate-Williams theory, Mr. Wilson has freshly explored both the Tracts and other related writings, and has given us a liberal crop of original and interesting ideas in regard to them, all of which I should be glad, if space allowed, to pass under review. Many of them are too important to be permanently neglected, and must of necessity enter into the next serious discussion of the Marprelate problem. On this occasion I confine myself almost entirely to the movements and personality of Sir Roger Williams. Following Mr. Wilson's track, I shall try to give an unbiassed consideration (so far as he may charitably think my standpoint permits it to be unbiassed) to this latest and most original of all the theories of the authorship of the Tracts.

Sir Roger Williams comes before us in the Armada year as an experienced military leader. For many years he has been engaged, as a soldier of fortune, in fighting the Spaniard in the Low Countries, establishing for himself a reputation for headlong courage, for ability of an eccentric type which

sometimes brought him splendid success even against great odds, and sometimes, as is ever the case with these semi-Quixotic champions, led him into signal disaster. In 1577 he served under Sir John Norreys, another dashing soldier of renown. In that campaign Norreys was challenged to single combat. It is entirely characteristic of Williams that when his leader declined the overtures, he should take up the challenge as gaily as if he hailed from Tipperary, and as the combat was indecisive that he should join his opponent in a friendly drinking-bout to finish up the event. In 1585 he joined Leicester's army; the year following he fought under General Schenk, always doing deeds of valour and greatly developing his military aptitudes.

When the attack of the Armada became imminent, Williams was with others busily employed in strengthening the defences of the country. But amidst all this military activity and excitement we are to believe that he was secretly preoccupied in a great religious controversy. Outwardly he appears to us, every inch of him, from plume to jack-boot, a dare-devil, fire-eating champion of Protestantism in general, and of England and her virgin Queen in particular. Really we are to try to believe him a Puritan zealot, a defender of the precise brethren, though not in all things as precise as they. He is reading and making notes of Dean Bridges' interminable quarto, 'A Defence of the order established.' At times he escapes from the hurly-burly of that memorable year to think out the ecclesiastical problem and read up the

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authorities, securing John Field's notes, mysteriously getting information from John Udall, making the close acquaintance of Job Throckmorton the squire of Hasely, and John Penry the fervid advocate of the evangelisation of Wales. All this time nobody thought he had any definite religious sentiments worthy of record, except they allude to his belated death-bed repentance after his surfeit at Baynard's Castle. Moreover, he finds time and thought to write some of the most clever and witty chapters in the story of English religious controversy—pamphlets which for their originality and racy English style can only be named by way of contrast with Roger Williams's genuine writings. He was constantly consulted by Howard, the admiral, as one of a council of military and naval experts, to whom he referred in all his arrangements. In addition, when the camp was formed at Tilbury, Williams was given the busy post of Master of the Horse. Leicester, indeed, like all Williams's superior officers, complains of his insubordination. He absents himself without leave. But where we are able to trace his movements, it is not to attend a Puritan fast in London, but to scamper down to Dover with that other rare British fighting-cock, 'black Sir John Norreys,' to get sight of the Spanish galleons in the narrow seas. He returned to camp the next day. While the Marprelate press is busy at Midsummer and still later in the year at East Molesey, Williams remains at Tilbury. It is from the camp, on 12th August, he writes to Walsingham, not to disband the army, as the Armada will surely return refitted; and later from

the same place he sends news of the Spanish operations in the Netherlands. Still later he goes to those parts with Sir John Norreys. The only reason of his going is that he is poor, and must fight for a living. Leicester, begging the Queen to present him with a horse, states that he is too poor to buy it a saddle. He is not very solicitous about the fate of a tract which at that very time was about to create so great a sensation in England.

Williams returned before the close of the year to take part in the counter-Armada organised by Norreys and Drake with the aid of the Queen. In connection with this expedition Mr. Wilson makes his most startling suggestions and discovers his most significant coincidences. It is here, also, as I shall endeavour to show, that his difficulties become quite overwhelming.

First of all, in order to free our minds for the consideration of the facts as they are, we must strip the story of the air of mystery with which Mr. Wilson has invested it. This is one of the skilful methods whereby he impresses his views so vividly upon our imaginations. He puts on the manteau noir, touches his lips for silence, walks a-tiptoe; Penry is another Father Gapon, Essex a Grand Duke, and Roger Williams a recreant member of the Czar's military police. May I say that there is no hidden mystery—none whatever. The actions of all the principal persons involved are perfectly intelligible. Most of them are at pains to be entirely explicit. As for the Puritans, unless you reckon a plan of publication involving at most half-a-dozen persons, and entirely opposed to the great

body of Puritan opinion to be a conspiracy, then Puritan conspiracy there was none. It was a time of persecution. The expression of any opinion contrary to that of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities was sternly forbidden. The press was strictly censored. The gaols were full of Non-conformists; most of those of leading rank who were not in prison were beggared by ruinous fines. Therefore a literary campaign against the established order was necessarily conducted with secrecy. The Puritans engaged in this furtive undertaking were a mere handful of individuals; those outside sympathising with their enterprise were the smallest minority of the Puritan community. John Field died at the beginning of the year; before his death the 'collection' of which we hear so much, notes and anecdotes about the church dignitaries, he desired should be burnt. Cartwright was no conspirator and would have nothing to do with such disorderly proceedings. Udall, who indirectly and to his mortification supplied some of the information utilised by Marprelate, quite disapproved of the Tracts. Except quaint old Giles Wigginton, the constant victim of Whitgift's enmity, it is difficult to find a single leading Puritan who approved of the form and spirit of Marprelate's writings.

The connection of the Earl of Essex and Sir Roger Williams with the Portugal expedition is perfectly intelligible and entirely free from mystery. Essex's movements were well-considered and deliberately planned. It was not his first attempt to break the silken bonds which bound him to the

old Queen's skirts. In 1587 he attempted to get away to the siege of Sluys, and was only frustrated by the swift pursuit of Robert Cary, who overtook him before he reached Dover. This time Essex determined that his plans should not fail from a similar cause. He therefore covered the ground between London and Plymouth in a record time. But there was no unforeseen haste caused by some imaginary discovery. The motives of the young Earl were very intelligible. These military adventures, remarks his biographer, 'greatly appealed to Essex's temper.' A romantic military hero of the type of Roger Williams drew him as a magnet draws steel. The spirit of adventure was in the air, and the young Earl languished at court, the smoothed and patted lapdog of the now ageing Queen. Besides, he was bankrupt of funds, and saw in the expedition to Portugal a possible means of retrieving his fortunes. He is perfectly frank in explaining his position to Sir Francis Knollys. 'What my courses have been I need not repeat, for no man knoweth them better than yourself.' He computes his debts to be 'at the least two or three and twenty thousand pounds.' He can draw no further upon the Queen's goodness. 'If I should speed well I will adventure to be rich; if not, I will never live to see the end of my poverty.'¹ He subscribes this letter, let it be noted, 'some few days before my departure.' It was one of a bundle of forty letters addressed to various persons, the writing of which must have occupied him for some

¹ 'Lives of the Earls of Essex.' Devereux, p. 206.

time. The hour of his departure was not determined by Sir Roger Williams, who was not of his company on his swift ride to Plymouth. The Earl left London on 3rd April, so as to board the fleet just as it was leaving port, setting out secretly at night and travelling at such a pace that he could not possibly be overtaken. Mr. Wilson indeed says that 'on April 3rd [1589] there was no prospect at all of the fleet's departure; the winds were not only still adverse, but blowing a hurricane.' But he surely forgets that the Earl is in London and the fleet at Plymouth; that the weather in the metropolis is no reliable criterion of what it may be at the same hour away in the west on the confines of Cornwall. Granted that he had on the night he set out three-days-old news from Williams of the wind outside Plymouth, how could he have known in the year of grace 1589 what it would be on his arrival—that is, five days later than his report? All he knew was what we know so well, that the wind is changeable, and that a shift in its direction may happen at any hour in the twenty-four.

Further, we have to suppose that Waldegrave, the printer, received private notice from Essex to hurry at a break-neck pace so as to arrive at Plymouth at the same hour as himself, and sail away to Rochelle to print the long-expected Marprelate Tract, 'More Worke for the Cooper.' But on 3rd April, when Essex left London for the West, Waldegrave was loitering in the Midlands, in no apparent hurry to depart, but with a somewhat vague purpose of going to Devon to print

Cartwright's reply to the Rhemists. This also was the time when he declared that he had on conscientious grounds, after consulting several Puritan preachers, determined to have no further share in printing the writings of Marprelate; though, being in no sense a timid man, he continued the dangerous occupation of printing Puritan books. Moreover, there was the heavy printing gear to be taken to Plymouth. A cart with this load, starting from Coventry soon after 3rd April, would not have reached Plymouth on 18th April, when the fleet left for the Peninsula.

Not for the sake of all the Marprelates in the kingdom would the generals have delayed the departure of the fleet for an hour. They were in great straits owing to the contrary winds. The men, many of them the refuse of the larger towns, were getting out of hand, idling in the taverns at Plymouth. The large force was eating up the scanty stock of provisions. The author of 'The True Coppie' greatly regrets 'the moneth victuals we did eat the moneth we lay at Plimmouth for a wind.' Drake got snubbed by the Queen for writing from Coruña on May 8th for a further supply. So desperate was the case that at last, notwithstanding an unfavourable wind, the fleet 'thrust out to sea,' leaving behind a number of smaller craft which could not or would not 'double Ushant.' Essex in the 'Swiftsure' left Falmouth about the same time. He was as eager as any to get away; though he fled from London without the Queen's permission, and to Falmouth on the 'Swiftsure,' so that the order to return

should not reach him—when it did reach him he forthwith obeyed—yet he would not have dared wilfully to separate himself, together with the officers and men of his company, from the expedition. It is clear enough that his one object was to take part in it. Note also that once he boarded the ‘Swiftsure,’ he, and not Williams, is the principal person and directs its movements. It is in this strain that Williams, himself ignorant of the secret instructions given for the course of the fleet, criticises Drake for not sailing ‘streight to Lisborne as the Earle of Essex did.’¹ I do not think Essex had any sympathy whatever with Marprelacy. Everyone at court read the Tracts; he was the only one intimate enough and bold enough to offer one to the Queen. If he belonged to the party at court who opposed the bishops because of their claim to power over and above the civil law; those who would not only have humbled them by stripping them of some of their excessive emoluments, but were also ready to enrich themselves with the plunder; he would have found in Marprelate a determined opponent. With the above considerations before us we really need proceed no further to assure ourselves that Essex’s movements had no relation to the Marprelate press; that Waldegrave did not time his departure from the Midlands to fit in with Essex’s adventures; that in fact he could not, had he wished, have reached Falmouth with all his printing apparatus in time to leave with the ‘Swiftsure’;

¹ ‘Discourse of Warre,’ p. 9.

and finally, that the object which Mr. Wilson assigns to the movements of Essex and Williams, and the imaginary call at the port of Rochelle, is one which Waldegrave states definitely he will not undertake, a resolution from which it is reasonably certain he never departed.

But could Williams in any case have gone to Rochelle in the 'Swiftsure'? We are face to face with his positive assertion that he did not. Who could believe that Williams would criticise Drake's management of the Expedition on the strength of a statement whose falsity would be known to so many people? Drake wasted his opportunity at Coruña, says Williams, but Essex showed superior wisdom in sailing 'streight for Lisburne.' In the next place, what about his fellow-voyagers, the Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Butler, Sir Edward Wingfield, and Walter Devereux, are they willing to go to Rochelle at the caprice of Marprelate-Williams, and thereby to risk their share in the glory of the Expedition and its hoped-for rich rewards? Moreover, how are we to account for the fact that concerning this extraordinary proceeding there never fell a whisper from any of the officers or the men sailing in the 'Swiftsure'? Further, if we compile a log for the good ship, we shall arrive at the same inevitable conclusion, that the call at Rochelle is as impossible as it is improbable. The 'Swiftsure' left Falmouth not earlier than 18th April, and joined the fleet on 13th May—by an obvious slip of the pen, Mr. Wilson gives the latter date as 20th May. According to the 'Ephemeris expeditionis Norreysii et

Draki,' the main fleet left Plymouth in the teeth of a westerly gale, which, I gather, continued for a couple of days, and was succeeded by a gale from the east, so that Drake could not follow the sailing orders and attack the Spanish navy in the easterly ports of Biscay and Guipuscoa. All he could do was to make for Coruña. He anchored off the shore on 23rd April. During the whole period that the fleet was in that port the weather was very stormy. The expedition left for the south on 8th May. Whether under these weather-conditions the 'Swiftsure' could have reached Rochelle or not, I am in doubt. But we have so full a programme of the doings of Essex and Williams before they joined the fleet as to preclude the idea; much more Mr. Wilson's surmise that they may have been delayed at Rochelle 'a week or so.' During this stormy period the 'Swiftsure' sailed as far south as Cadiz, seeking for the main contingent. She then cruised about between that port and Cape St. Vincent, capturing three hulks laden with corn and wine, and three pinnaces. Her speed was now that of the slowest of the laden hulks. Convoying her prizes she sailed northwards. When she reached the Bayona Islands she put into the harbour of Vigo, coming to anchor at Cangas, on the north shore, where Williams and a company of men landed and put to flight the local military guard. Resuming their voyage northwards they fell in with the fleet between the Sisarga Islands and Mugia (Mongiam), a little north of Cape Finisterre. One need not be a professional seaman to realise that the above

programme leaves no time for the supposed visit to Rochelle. It is something of a wonder that an Elizabethan vessel, for the most part in very stormy weather, and hampered by her slow-moving prizes, should have accomplished so much between 18th April and 13th May. The facts of the case clearly compel us to give up Rochelle. And all this time Williams is kicking his heels about, filling up what Mr. Wilson calls 'an idle time' by constructing his 'Theses,' writing his long, learned, and most important tract, 'More Worke for the Cooper,' in odd moments penning his 'Actions in the Low Countries,' also that scientific trifle of seventy-five pages, 'A Briefe Discourse of Warre.' I can only humbly exclaim, Prodigious! Caius Julius Cæsar writing his 'Commentaries' and at the same time directing his campaigns was never such a paragon as this armigerous countryman of mine.

When the expedition returned Sir Roger Williams did not return with it. He wanted employment, and besides the Queen was angry with him. Mr. Wilson supposes there is something mysterious in the Queen's angry letter about Williams. Her anger, naturally, he thinks should have been vented against Essex. But this is the second time that Williams has inveigled away her favourite, and there is nothing astonishing that such a virago as Elizabeth should have directed her royal and feminine wrath not against her handsome young cavalier, but against this Welsh adventurer who had lured him from her side.

The more weighty difficulties which confront

the Williams-Marprelate theory still remain. Mr. Wilson, with his skilled advocacy, makes a brave show out of Williams's slender literary gifts. He could write commendably well for a soldier, and he had a breath of Celtic imagination which gave at intervals a dull gleam to his pages. Mr. Wilson was venturesome enough to proceed by way of example. Let me do the same. Will anyone tell me that the deft English pen which wrote Marprelate's 'Epistle,' 'Epitome,' or 'Hay any Worke,' also wrote the following?

Some thinkes Commissions and authoritie is sufficient to conduct an Armie and that Conquests and Ouerthrowes consist in multitude: let the Commissions be euer so large, the multitude ever so manie; the Warres consists altogether in good Chiefs, and experimented Soldiers, & euer did since the world began to this houre. What caused *Alexander* to ouerthrow *Darius* with few men, considering his number? but his valorous person, with the experience of his Captaines & Souldiers.—('The Discourse of Warre,' p. 4.)

True it is that for mine owne part, I doe esteeme you brave soldiours, and would do more, if you were conducted by Iulian Romero, your late Collonell, Mondragon Sentio Dauille, and the like, who haue been discomfitted and slaine: but I doubt, that Alexander de Mantes, and those which now commaund you, do willingly perswade the Gouvernors and Ladies of Paris, that ther is none other conduct in the world but theirs: onlie this I thinke, that what they doe is vpon compulsion. As for mee and my companies we haue obtained leaue of the King to shew that we are resolute to defend and disproue your rumours to be false and forged, if so it please you to repaire to the place appointed.—(A letter to the Citizens of Paris in 'Newes of Sir Roger Williams,' p. 6.)

After reading Mr. Wilson's first article I took an early opportunity of examining 'A Briefe Discourse of Warre.' Nothing but the interest which Mr. Wilson succeeded in weaving around the personality of the old Welsh soldier enabled me to read his unattractive pages. I laid down the book with the full conviction, that whoever wrote the Marprelate Tracts it was not the man who wrote 'A Discourse of Warre.'

Moreover, the main consideration in regard to Mr. Wilson's theory is still to be weighed. The Marprelate Tracts are the work of a religious mind. They embody a distinctly religious plea. But so far I have not come across a scrap of evidence which would indicate that Sir Roger Williams was a specially devout man of any type, least of all a Puritan. There is, as we have seen, some evidence which points in the opposite direction. We must therefore admire Mr. Wilson's courage when he faces the situation with the remark, 'Of Sir Roger Williams' Puritan sympathies there can be no doubt.' What is the evidence alleged? His intimacy with Essex does not turn the scale by a featherweight. His intercourse with Dutch Calvinists at Middelburgh is bare surmise, and I think, even if Williams knew Dutch, quite improbable. His Puritanism cannot have amounted to much, seeing he died of a surfeit. The old chronicler says that the Earl of Essex 'saved his sowle, for none but he cold make hym take a feeling of his end.' Setting aside hypocrites, from whom no type of Christian profession is entirely free, the Puritan as we know

him in history is not always an amiable person, not always sweetly reasonable, is not always gifted with a saving sense of humour; though he has his sterling virtues and has been much maligned. But a gasconading Puritan, ready for a drinking bout, dying of a surfeit, and needing the Earl of Essex's special personal influence to turn his dying thoughts to repentance, does not come within the circuit of my imagination. That such a 'Puritan' wrote the Marprelate Tracts, is to me inconceivable.

Mr. Wilson has endeavoured to carry home the attack by representing Marprelate as a very latitudinarian kind of Puritan. But he only succeeds in establishing his case by destroying the humour of the sentences he cites. For this reason his reference to the Bishop of Chester's card-playing seems quite wide of the mark. Martin has had great fun out of Bishop Aylmer's defence of playing bowls on Sunday. 'Man,' said the Bishop, 'may haue his meat dressed for his health vpon the Sabboth, and why may he not then haue some conuenient exercise for the body?' This will make more clear Marprelate's irony when he says, 'For in winter it is no matter to take a little sport; for an odd cast, braces of twenty nobles, when the weather is foul [so] that men cannot go abroad to bowls, or to shoot. What would you have men take no recreation?' It is in the same mood that he continues his warning against the danger, in the excitement of the game, of imitating Aylmer's habit of swearing when at bowls. Aylmer defended himself by saying that it meant no more than if he had said, 'in very

truth, bona fide, in trueth, assuredly, id est, Amen.' (This appears in Bishop Thomas Cooper's 'Admonition.') Martin says, 'For you cannot use them but you must needs say your brother T. C.'s "Amen," that is, swear "By your faith" many a time in the night. Well, I will never stand arguing the matter any more with you. If you will leave your cardplaying, so it is; if you will not, trust to it, it will be the worse for you.' I do not think there is any ground for doubting that Martin held the ordinary Puritan aversion from bowling on Sunday and from playing cards, whether for small stakes or large. Equally mistaken I must think Mr. Wilson in supposing Marprelate to be in any doubt about the authorship of Bishop Thomas Cooper's 'Admonition,' which was simply signed 'T. C.' The more celebrated 'Admonitions' of Cartwright bore the same initials, and simple people, not so completely informed as Marprelate on such matters, were misled by the similarity of titles and initials. But Marprelate entitled his reply, 'Hay any worke for Cooper.' He was never for a moment misled. He simply takes the bishop in his humour, and fools with him about Thomas Cartwright and Thomas Cook, an insignificant person who was one of the bishop's chaplains. All of the fun of the situation, such as it is, turns on the mischievous pretence of this knowing blade, that he has been deceived by the simple bishop's device. We cannot commend Mr. Wilson for seeking to establish his hypothesis by misconstruing Martin's jests into dull and vapid seriousness.

If anything more were wanted to discredit the Williams-Marprelate theory we have it in the fact that the 'Briefe Discourse of Warre' was published by Thomas Orwine. He is the printer who was fiercely assailed by Marprelate, because Whitgift illegally favoured him, and he a printer of Popish devotional books.

With the disappearance of Sir Roger Williams as a possible author, it is hardly necessary to pursue farther Mr. Wilson's critical examination of the Tracts themselves in support of his theory. The references to the Groyne, to sea journeys and damaged manuscripts, are all capable of easy and perfectly natural explanation. 'Mar-Martin' has just been published with an account of Martin's death. This doggerel had a brisk sale at the booksellers in the month of June. The expedition to Portugal had just come to an inglorious end, and multitudes of English families were mourning the death of a relative at the Groyne and in the suburbs of Lisbon. Martin Junior calls the speculations about Marprelate's death at home and abroad, 'flim-flam stories,' and Martin Senior advises the use of the expedition as an evasion. Then, in regard to the pleasantries about sea voyages and the 'rain-and-weather-beaten papers,' we have no need of any far-fetched explanation.¹ The first

¹ This banter was suggested to Penry by the Welsh Catholic tract mentioned by him in his 'Exhortation,' p. 101 and margin, 'Y Drych Gristianogawl' ('The Christian Mirror'). This was written by Dr. Griffith Roberts, a canon of Milan Cathedral and chaplain to Cardinal Borromeo. It was printed at Rouen by another Welsh priest, Dr. Roger Smith, who, in his brief preface, writes of the vicissitudes of the manuscript in journeying from

part of the 'Theses Martinianæ' were found by Penry and Hodgkins under a bush as they left Haseley in the morning. They had been lying in the rain (probably over-night). It is in the second half of the Tract, which was apparently brought by Throkmorton to the printers later in the week, that reference is made to their damp condition. The printer of Roger Williams's 'Actions' makes no complaint of this kind. His grievance is the bad handwriting of his copy.

The remaining points in Mr. Wilson's I am compelled, by considerations of space, to pass over, though some of them are too important to be forgotten. I may simply say that I do not feel convinced that the 'Protestatyon' is the joint production of Penry and Throkmorton. The theory that Penry exactly finished a statement at the bottom of page 14 agreeable with his own married condition (he had only one child, however), and Throkmorton taking up the pen, continued the statement, in agreement with his prospects of matrimony, so as to deceive the reader that it is the uniform truth concerning Marprelate, is far and away too tricky to be credible. I have elsewhere stated that the printer that came to the aid of the confederates and completed the 'Protestatyon,' judged by the inferior quality of his work, could not have been Waldegrave, who was

Italy as follows: [Translation] 'Immediately the book landed, coming into Welsh hands naked and disordered, wet with voyaging and brine, it received (as I heard) a new covering and was dried and cared for, very willingly and indeed eagerly.' Sig. C iv. I quote from the complete copy of this rare tract in the National Library, Aberystwyth.

a first-rate craftsman. Passing by the many interesting points raised in Mr. Wilson's articles, I will only remind him that he has not explained why, having the copy of the long promised 'More Worke for the Cooper' in hand, instead of fulfilling their definite promise to the printers and to the public, by printing it, Throkmorton and Penry gratuitously saddle themselves with the work of producing the two intermediary tracts, 'Theses' and 'The Just Censure,' and delay the chief work. That the writer of the second half of the 'Protestation' wrote a prefatory chapter to 'More Worke,' rests upon a mistaken interpretation of the word 'pistle' at the close of the former Tract, where it really means the complete work, as I could show by a number of similar passages in the Marprelate writings. But I must here conclude. The Marprelate problem is slowly moving onwards, though the identity of the writer still eludes us. However, I do not despair of Mr. Dover Wilson unearthing him at last, if he will continue to devote his brilliant powers to the task.

WILLIAM PIERCE.

II.

To say that Mr. Dover Wilson's two articles entitled 'Martin Marprelate and Shakespeare's Fluellen,' in the April and July numbers of 'THE LIBRARY,' are among the most important contributions to the history of the great controversy that have yet appeared, will not, I hope, be taken as implying agreement with everything that they contain, or even necessarily with their main thesis

—the identification of Martin with Sir Roger Williams. What differentiates these articles from so much that has been written on the subject is the novelty of their point of view: not only in minor details does Mr. Dover Wilson frequently suggest new and more probable interpretations of the known facts, but the controversy as a whole is regarded not as a mere quarrel among theologians, but as a political movement involving some of the most important men of the time. To identify the author of the Marprelate Tracts can be of no great importance or interest to-day, if it be but a question between one forgotten name and another; but to connect them with famous and interesting personalities, to suggest the part that they may have played in that most intricate tangle of enmities and interests which made up the court of Elizabeth—in short, to place them in their true perspective in the tableau of the Elizabethan age, is another and a very different achievement. And whether Mr. Dover Wilson succeeds in convincing us or not, we cannot help feeling that, thanks to him, the controversy has assumed a new reality and a living interest of which we had hardly suspected it to be capable. If I suggest that the train of argument is not yet at all points complete—that, in this direction and in that, further investigation is required—it is because it seems to me that such further investigation may easily turn what is at present an ingenious and fascinating theory into established history. The clues to be followed up are many, and they are certainly well worth following.

So far as the identification of Martin Marprelate is concerned, Mr. Dover Wilson's argument has two main divisions. In the first place, he would prove from internal evidence to be found in the tracts, and from the circumstances of their publication, that the original Martin, author of the 'Epistle,' the 'Epitome,' and 'Hay any work for Cooper,' was an officer of importance employed in the Portugal Expedition of 1589 (18th April to 1st July); in the second place, that he was the well-known Welsh soldier Sir Roger Williams, who served in that expedition in company with Essex. Let us consider these points separately.

First, it must be conceded that the dates of publication of the various tracts fit in extraordinarily well with the theory that their author was one of those who took part in the voyage to Portugal. This would perfectly explain the curious idleness of the Marprelate press during April, May, and June, 1589, and its suddenly renewed activity in July. How much more besides this it would explain, depends on how much of what is said in the tracts of 'Martin Junior' and 'Martin Senior' we are to take as literal truth. And here, I think, we must go very carefully.

The tract of Martin Junior, issued about 22nd July, consists of certain rather fragmentary 'theses,' supposed to be the work of the original Martin Marprelate, with a prologue and epilogue by his 'son,' in which explanations are given as to the origin of the theses and how they came to be in such a mutilated condition. Now the trouble is that the explanation given is such a very obvious

one. At the time when it was penned everyone must have been talking of the return of the Portugal Expedition. If for any reason the Martinist printers had received their copy in a fragmentary state and were unable to get it completed, what jesting excuse for its imperfections would they have been more likely to offer than that it had been sent home with the expedition and had suffered from the voyage? If this was the actual truth, they were giving away to the authorities far more gratuitous information than we should expect from such clever conspirators. I do not say that they might not have done this on purpose, for a certain ostentatious boldness was part of their policy throughout, it being evidently intended to strengthen the idea that they had powerful backers, and perhaps, in this instance, especially to hint at Essex as the head of the movement; but when Martin Junior has just told us such a cock-and-bull tale as that about his having picked up the manuscript of the Theses beside a bush, 'where it had dropped from somebody passing by that way,' we may reasonably hesitate to take quite literally what else he says about the origin of the papers.

But even if we allow that Martin had probably been absent with the Portugal Expedition—and for my own part I think it is fairly clear that there was some connection between the expedition and the Martinists, though what is uncertain¹—we are

¹ It must be remembered that it would in any case have been prudent for the Martinists to keep quiet at a time when Essex, their most powerful favourer, was absent from England.

still a long way from proving the identity of Martin with Williams. In order to do this, we shall, I think, have to find out more about Williams than we know at present; we shall even have to find out that there was a totally different side to his character from that which seems to have been apparent to his contemporaries. All are agreed that he was a valiant and accomplished soldier. That he was a wit is equally certain: the repartee which Mr. Dover Wilson has quoted would alone prove this, and there is abundant evidence besides. But what is there to show that he was a Puritan, and one, moreover, who was not merely in general sympathy with the movement, but was fully conversant with the Puritan arguments and literature? Surely neither his intimacy with Essex, leader indeed of the Puritan party by succession, but at this time a gay courtier not yet twenty-three years of age, nor his hatred of Spain—Nashe and many another hated Spain—nor his service in the Netherlands, where all soldiers of fortune served, tells us much as to his real convictions. So far as I can learn, there is nothing whatever in contemporary references to him that suggests any Puritan leanings—rather, indeed, the contrary. In the eulogy of Williams, by John Davies of Hereford, from which Mr. Dover Wilson quotes extracts, we read that he was a great ridiculer of carpet knights ‘whose glory lay all in their Ladies’ lappe,’ but Davies concedes that his hero himself ‘yet could, like Mars, take there sometimes a napp.’ I would not, indeed, suggest that there is any inherent inconsistency between an over-fondness for fair ladies

and a dislike of bishops, and we must remember that though a large number of the Puritans were beginning to be characterized by excessive rigidity of life and manners, and what a certain Elizabethan indexer has called 'a superfluous plurality of virtues,' the movement undoubtedly attracted a number of less sombre spirits on its intellectual side, as any movement of revolt is bound to do. We need not assume that it was only a dignitary of the Established Church who could find occasion to thank God, as Whitgift did, that he could 'be merry with the bagpipe,' and apparently the long sky-coloured cloak with a collar edged with gold and silver and silk lace, in which Penry 'went disguised,' was not so efficient a disguise after all.

We must not then expect to find Martin necessarily a black-gowned and melancholy recluse; but something we may fairly expect, some evidence at least of strong religious convictions, of an interest in the theological controversies of his time—and is this to be found in Williams? Of his end, in 1595, we read that he 'died of a surfett in B[aynards] Castell. . . . He gave all he had to my Lord of Essex, who, indeed, saved his sowle, for none but he cold make hym take a feeling of his end, but he died well and very repentant' (A. Collins, 'Letters and Memorials,' i. 377). This, somehow, does not sound like a description of the death of a great religious reformer.

Two or three other considerations, however, point to the identity of Williams and Martin. There are distinct indications in the tracts, as

Mr. Wilson shows, that their author was a Welshman. I think we may accept this as probably the case, though many dialect forms used by him, such as 'vather' for 'father,' were widely distributed in southern English.¹ But there were other Welshmen connected with the household of Essex, and Penry himself was one, so this alone will not take us far.

Then we have the fact of the Queen's anger against Williams. That she was exceedingly angry there is no doubt—but then she often was. Essex's flight, whatever its precise reason, was, of course, an open defiance of her authority; and if, as seems likely, Williams had to do with bringing it about, it was to be expected that her anger would fall heavily on the older man, whom she may have regarded as having led her favourite astray.

In some ways the strongest evidence for Williams and Martin being identical seems to me the remarkable similarity which Mr. Wilson shows to exist in the style of their writings. It is unfortunately, however, a style which in itself is not very distinctive—it is that of the plain man speaking plainly. To the soldier Williams the abrupt disconnected sentences, innocent of literary embroidery, and almost of logical connection, are appropriate; but they are no less appropriate to Martin, who tells us that he is 'plaine,' and 'must needs call a Spade a Spade, a Pope a Pope,' and who wishes to

¹ See E. Eckhardt, 'Die Dialekt- und Ausländertypen des älteren Englischen Dramas,' 1910. (Bang's 'Materialien.') A study of Martin's dialect in the light of Eckhardt's investigations might give interesting results.

be understood by the least learned of his countrymen. But be this as it may, few will, I think, read the passages which Mr. Wilson cites without feeling that here is evidence which cannot be lightly set aside.

Against Williams there are a couple of small points, neither perhaps of much importance by itself, but worth notice when all is so uncertain. One is the existence in the Marprelate 'Epistle' (ed. Arber, p. 23) of a violent attack on the printer Thomas Orwin, as one 'who sometimes wrought popish books in corners: namely Iesus Psalter, our Ladies Psalter, &c.' Now if Williams wrote this, it is at least curious that it should have been precisely this same Thomas Orwin who, a couple of years later, printed, and apparently published, Williams's 'Brief Discourse of War.' Or shall we suppose that Orwin got hold of it without the author's consent, and was merely taking what Nashe would have called 'a new lesson out of Plutarch in making benefit of his enemy'?

The other point is that Nashe, who was certainly one of the anti-Martinist group of writers, though his precise share in the controversy cannot be ascertained, goes out of his way on one occasion to eulogise Williams ('Have with you to Saffron-Walden,' 1596, sig. R 1), a thing we can hardly imagine him doing if there had been any suspicion of Williams's connection with Martin.

I am able to throw a little fresh light on the movements of Williams after the return of the expedition in 1589, which does not indeed help us

with regard to the question of Martin, but which is of interest in connection with his temporary disappearance from publicity. Mr. Wilson was unable to find any evidence that he returned to England with the fleet on 1st July, and supposes that he had taken service at once with Navarre. But it appears certain that he did return to England, though after his arrival he remained for a time in hiding. When the fleet reached England there was the usual trouble about prize-money. Those who had taken part in the expedition—in many cases at their own cost—naturally wanted to make what profit they could out of the ships captured, while Elizabeth naturally wanted as much of the spoil as possible for herself. In this case there seems also to have been an additional complication caused by the fact that certain of the ships which had been seized were Danish, although England was at peace with that country. Much will be found about the matter in the Acts of the Privy Council and elsewhere, but we need only concern ourselves with one letter written by the Council on 11th July to Norris and Drake, directing them to see that certain ships belonging to the King of Denmark, which, according to information received, had been brought to Dartmouth and given to Sir Roger Williams and to Captain Huntley, were not sold or disposed of.

It is thus evident that Williams was at Dartmouth, or had been there at the beginning of the month, and there exists a letter from him on the subject sufficiently interesting to be given in full. It is directed to the Treasurer, Admiral and Secre-

tary Walsingham, and runs as follows ('Harl. MS.' 6845, no. 20, fol. 100)¹ :—

Most Honourable. Most humbly I do crave y^r favor & justice. Altho it pleasing my Sacred Sovereaigne to be offended wth me, I trust it is wel known unto y^r Honors, y^t I am an honest poor Gentleman. Coming from *Spain* I placed in one of y^e Easterlings Vessels my lieutenant wth a number of Gentlemen & Soldiers. The Vessel had never been carried into *England* wthout my means. It is wel known we had aboue two hundred Sayles of al Sorts : of y^e w^{ch} we could not carry wth us aboue three score for want of men. I protest on y^e faith of a Christian, this journey cost me above a thousand pound. I know not w^t to do, unles y^r Lpp. wil help me, to recover some part. The Earl of *Bath* discharged my men from y^e Vessel at *Dartmouth*. I have nothing. I presumed myself y^e Earl of *Essex*, wth al y^e rest, y^t were in this action, wil testify I deserve a Chain, as wel as my fellowes. But for her Majesties displeasure [nether to]² y^m wrong in this sort. Where Sr *Walter Raleigh* speakes of my hulk, I cannot stop his mouth to bely mine : for he belyd y^e *Ark of Noe*, w^{ch} was y^e best ship, y^t ever was. Humbly desiring y^r Lpps. favor, I pray heartily to God to preserve y^r Honors healthes. I dare not shew y^r HH. where I am the xxiiii of July.

Y^r honors most bounded to serve

Ro. WILLIAMS.

I am sorry that I cannot explain the allusion to Sir W. Raleigh, but it is evident from the Acts of

¹ This is a copy, dating apparently from about 1700, perhaps by Strype. I have been unable to trace the original.

² After the word 'displeasure' there is a space of about an inch, followed by something which has been altered, by another hand, into the words here given within square brackets. The transcriber evidently found Williams's hand difficult to read.

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the Privy Council of 21st July that he had been trying to deal in some of the ships himself, so there may well have been a quarrel between the two men.

There is a later letter from Williams in 'Harl. MS.' 6995, no. 30, dated at London on 2nd May, 1590, asking for a passport to go abroad, but this gives us no fresh information beyond telling us that the Queen's anger against Williams was not yet appeased. The writer thinks, however, that she might well forgive him 'offending no more than I did.' If only he had said in what his offence consisted !

To sum up, I think we may say that the identity of Williams and Martin Marprelate must remain for the present a most interesting suggestion, and that more investigation is needed before the question can be decided one way or the other. In the meantime, however, it cannot be denied that Mr. Wilson's articles, both by their general treatment of the subject and by the number of fresh clues that he has pointed out, have brought us very considerably nearer to the truth.

R. B. MCKERROW.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

IN the new volume of 'Les grandes écrivains français,' René Doumic deals with Lamartine. The biographical portion of the book calls for no special remark. It is a piece of lucid narrative, in which we see Lamartine as the poet, the diplomatist, and the politician, and as the country gentleman, who was ruined by his mania for agricultural speculation, in which were combined his 'amour de la terre,' his gambling instincts, and his incurable optimism.

The chief interest of the book lies in the critical portion. 'Le Lac' is, according to Doumic, one of the masterpieces of literature of all times, one of the rarest pearls in the poetry of the world. We may not all agree with that estimate, but we must admit that Doumic's masterly analysis of the poem brings out its beauty in a remarkable way. In 'Le Lac' he writes, 'se trouve réalisé le type même d'une poésie immatérielle, imprécise comme le rêve, et harmonieuse comme la musique.' 'Jocelyn' is characterized as 'un fragment d'épopée intime.' Doumic puts it among the epics—declaring it to be the only epic in the French language—because an epic 'vit de l'expression des sentiments simples et de la peinture des réalités quotidiennes,' and because

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it is only an optimist who can write an epic poem. Of the magnificent episode of 'Les Laboureurs' in the ninth canto, he says—

'Nulle part, dans aucune littérature, on ne trouvera une image du travail des champs tracée avec plus de vigueur et plus d'heureux réalisme, faite de détails plus simples, plus vrais, et où les gestes du paysan, si augustes dans leur simplicité millénaire, soient reproduits avec plus de fidélités.'

It would seem that with the French the poetry of earth is never dead. In life and in literature they recognise that there is something august in the tiller of the soil. Perhaps nowhere is the feeling more finely expressed than in Victor Hugo's short lyric, 'Saison de Semailles. Le Soir.' René Bazin, in his novels, 'La terre qui meurt,' 'Donatienne,' and 'Le blé qui lève,' treats the subject from another point of view; indeed, his strong love for the cultivation of the ground and all that it entails is scarcely ever absent from modern French literature. I remember reading an excellent story, by a quite unknown author, in which the hero, a small landowner, was a grower of vines, and the vines played as large a part in the tale as the chief personages.

'La chute d'un ange' is philosophical poetry—'un système de philosophie en vers où le Christianisme apparaît déformé par les idées du XVIII^e siècle. Et les vers sont magnifiques.' In 'Les Confidences,' Lamartine narrated the story of his youth, as it seemed to him when time, which always simplifies and purifies, had done its work. We quite naturally, in age, see ourselves in youth as we would

wish to be, and thus Lamartine has idealized everything. Lamartine is a poet before all, and therefore, as an orator, a journalist, or historian, he invariably applies the lyrism of the poet to any subject he is treating.

Lamartine's influence on his successors is considerable. All the poets of the nineteenth century had '*la poésie lamartinienne dans les moelles.*' Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Auguste Barbier, Victor de Laprade, Sully-Prudhomme, all owe much to Lamartine.

Doumic sums up Lamartine's genius in the following eloquent passages—

'Ce qui caractérise Lamartine plus qu'aucun autre de ses contemporains, c'est, chez l'homme, une richesse de dons inépuisable, et c'est, chez l'écrivain, une extraordinaire puissance de renouvellement. Ses premiers vers sont un écho de la poésie galante du XVIII^e siècle, et nous reportent au temps des Bernis et des Bertin, de Dorat-Cubières et de Parny. Bientôt, dégagé de cette première manière, le poète, réalisant l'œuvre vers laquelle tendait chez nous le travail de la sensibilité et de l'imagination depuis de si longues années, devient le chantre des grandes émotions de l'âme devant l'amour et la mort, devant la nature et devant Dieu. Grâce à lui, ce mouvement, qui pouvait se dissiper, et s'évanouir sans avoir donné aucune œuvre durable et sans s'être inscrit dans l'histoire de la littérature, se concrète dans une forme immortelle. Maître de l'élégie, le poète échappe à son atmosphère de tristesse, pour célébrer l'amour triomphant et dire la plénitude du bonheur.'

Gardens play so large a part in our lives now—
we are all of us gardeners, or would-be gardeners

—that an eighteenth century 'théorie des jardins' should be of interest to many. It is to be found in a book entitled 'Le Marquis René de Girardin (1735-1808) d'après des documents inédits.' The author of the work is André Martin-Decaen, and André Hallays contributes a preface.

René de Girardin, who was the last friend of Rousseau, brought up his children according to 'Emile,' laid out the gardens of his estate, Ermenonville, according to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' and conceived the sovereignty of the people according to the 'Contrat Social.' He gave his master hospitality in his last days—Rousseau went to Ermenonville in 1778—and erected a tomb for him. The marquis never ceased to believe in Rousseau, not even when his sons were arrested, his daughter imprisoned, and he and his wife confined under lock and key to his château of Ermenonville. The 'patriots' devastated his gardens and buildings, and the nation reclaimed Rousseau's remains for the Panthéon. The book contains some interesting details on the last days of Rousseau, and probably the most complete narrative of his death that has ever appeared. A few new details about the old age of Thérèse are also given. De Girardin's theory of gardens is entitled—

'De la composition des paysages sur le terrain ou des moyens d'embellir la nature autour des habitations en y joignant l'agréable à l'utile, suivie de réflexions sur les avantages de la contiguïté des possessions rurales, et d'une distribution plus générale en petites cultures, pour faciliter la subsistance du peuple et prévenir les effets funestes du monopole.'

The irregular English garden was becoming the fashion in France as a reaction from the regular classic gardens of Lenôtre, like those of the Tuileries. The book contains concise and clear rules for 'l'art paysager,' rather in the style of Poussin and Claude. Girardin's taste for landscape gardening was catholic, and took delight in those wilder aspects of nature that were only just beginning to show itself in art and literature. There was in the Ermenonville garden a part known as the 'désert.' In a beautiful garden near Paris which I am privileged to visit, there is a portion called 'the Vosges,' with conifers of various kinds and delightful woodland paths ascending and descending. It produces an excellent illusion of the lower slopes of mountains.

Girardin's social and economic theories are seen throughout his actions and his writings. In his theory of gardens even, 'l'utile' must not be wholly sacrificed to 'l'agréable.' He believed in the better cultivation of the land, and curiously enough insists on the superiority of English agriculture, advocated a system of small holdings, and was against large farms. He sympathised with the people, and found 'la souffrance de ses semblables, spectacle le plus douloureux,' and recognised 'la nécessité que tout ce qui respire soit nourri.' Martin-Decaen declares him to be 'le plus remarquable idéologue du XVIII^e siècle; . . . l'homme d'un rêve irréalisé, et sans doute irréalisable, le rêve de la parfaite justice politique.' He actually erected a Temple of Modern Philosophy in his garden, each of the pillars of which was inscribed with the name of a famous philosopher—such as Descartes, Voltaire,

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William Penn, Montesquieu, Rousseau, the whole being dedicated to Montaigne. It was said that it was easier to obtain a 'fauteuil à l'Académie' than a pillar at Ermenonville.

In 'Les dieux ont soif,' Anatole France makes the French Revolution the setting for his customary delicate satire on general politics. He gives us the usual types—Maurice Brotteaux, who professes 'indifferentisme,' makes marionettes for a living and reads Lucretius for recreation; Evariste Gamelin, a painter, who becomes a member of the Council, and responsible for wholesale murder, believing always that he is thereby a real saviour of humanity. Gamelin's mother is an admirable foil to her son, and the type of the French bourgeoisie that ever prevails. Blaise, a print-seller, an atheist, shows kindness to a priest, and thus excuses his act—

'Ne vous donnez point de souci et ne m'ayez nulle reconnaissance. Ce que je fais en ce moment et dont vous exagerez le mérite, je ne le fais pas pour l'amour de vous : car, enfin, bien que vous soyez aimable, mon Père, je vous connais trop peu pour vous aimer. Je ne le fais pas non plus pour l'amour de l'humanité : car je ne suis pas aussi simple que Don Juan pour croire, comme lui, que l'humanité a ses droits : et ce préjugé, dans un esprit aussi libre que le sien, m'afflige. Je le fais par cet égoïsme qui inspire à l'homme tous les actes de générosité et de dévouement, en le faisant se reconnaître dans tous les misérables, en le disposant à plaindre sa propre infortune dans l'infortune d'autrui et en l'excitant à porter aide à un mortel semblable à lui par la nature et la destinée, jusque-là qu'il croit se secourir lui-même en le secourant. Je le fais encore par désœuvrement : car

la vie est à ce point insipide qu'il faut s'en distraire à tout prix, et que la bienfaisance est un divertissement assez fade qu'on se donne à défaut d'autres plus savoureux; je le fais par orgueil et pour prendre avantage sur vous: je le fais, enfin, par esprit de système et pour vous montrer de quoi un athée est capable.'

The book contains little that may be called story, but the French Revolution has an eternal fascination, and Anatole France's beautiful style and delicate satire always give pleasure.

Emile Faguet publishes two books dealing with Rousseau. 'La Vie de Rousseau' is a biography in which Rousseau, the man, is carefully analysed. Faguet finds Rousseau a little character, 'dépaycé dans un grand génie,' and declares that Rousseau's epigram on Voltaire, 'ses premiers mouvements sont bons; mais la réflexion le rend méchant,' is equally true of Rousseau himself. Rousseau was born for affection, for love, even for virtue, if he had been a little aided and had known exactly what it was. But he was always betrayed by love. He passed from 'amitié en amitié et n'en goûtant aucune, très aimé et désespérant ceux qui l'aimaient, ami de la vertu et très loin d'être vertueux, précepteur de sagesse, et le plus fou des hommes, capables de voir où est le bonheur et d'indiquer aux autres où il est, et l'un des plus malheureux mortels qui aient cherché en gémissant.'

The other volume, entitled 'Les amies de Rousseau,' is really an appendix to the biography, since women played too large a part in Rousseau's life to admit of full justice being done to their influence in a brief chapter. It was through

women that Rousseau obtained his literary and even his philosophical success. Yet Faguet considers Rousseau to have been anti-feminist, and to have proved it in his 'Sophie.' But as no one read 'Sophie,' it did not obscure the effect of the 'Nouvelle Héloïse.' Rousseau

'resta le glorificateur de la femme. Les femmes du XVIII^e siècle lui en furent reconnaissantes. Celles du siècle suivant aussi ; et un anti-féministe radical est resté le père du féminisme. Ces choses-là arrivent quand, chez un auteur, l'imagination est en contradiction avec le doctrine ; c'est en vain que la doctrine donne des démentis à l'imagination.'

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The following recently published books deserve attention :—

La France et le Saint Empire Romain Germanique depuis la paix de Westphalie jusqu'à la Révolution Française. Par Bertrand Auerbach.

A volume in the 'Bibliothèque de l'école des hautes études. Sciences historiques et philologiques.' An interesting account of the relations of France and Germany during those years. Auerbach concludes by declaring that France contributed to 'la conservation de l'idée fédérale qui est proprement allemande, et qui n'a pu être jusqu'à nos jours ni oblitérée par l'hégémonie prussienne ni absorbé dans l'unité du nouvel Empire.'

Rome et la renaissance de l'antiquité à la fin du XVIII^e siècle. Par L. Hauteœur.

A volume of the 'Bibliothèque des écoles françaises d'Athènes et de Rome.' An essay on the Roman influence, and not a complete history of 'l'art antiquisant,' at the end of the eighteenth century. Yet the book is historical, and in no way art criticism. The author believes that the love of the antique contributed to prepare the way for Napoleon.

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Pages de critique et de doctrine. Par Paul Bourget. 2 vols.

Essays reprinted from various newspapers and magazines, prefaces contributed to books, addresses given at the Academy, and similar compositions. They mostly form pegs on which Bourget hangs his own literary, psychological, religious, and philosophical opinions.

Une philosophie nouvelle. Henri Bergson. Par Edouard Le Roy.

The following are new volumes in the Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine:—

Les formes élémentaires de la vie religieuse.

Le système totémique en Australie. Par Emile Durkheim.

La philosophie affective. Par J. Bourdeau.

Le rapport social: essai sur l'objet et la methode de la sociologie. Par Eugène Dupréel.

L'honneur, sentiment, et principe moral. Par Eugène Terraillon.

Studien zur germanischen Sagengeschichte. Sigfrid. Von Dr. Friedrich Panzer.

A very full study of the legend, suited only for students.

Geschichte des deutschen Idealismus. Band II. Die Blütezeit des deutschen Idealismus. Von Kant bis Goethe und Hegel. Von Dr. M. Kronenberg.

A third volume is to follow, bringing the history down to our own time.

Lessing in England, 1767-1850. Von Wilhelm Todt.

A useful piece of research in comparative literature. The author finds that Coleridge was the only English writer who felt

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Lessing's influence. The English scarcely relished such a play as 'Nathan der Weise,' for they liked to keep preaching to the church, and desired to be only pleasantly amused at the theatre.

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Among lately published novels may be mentioned:—

L'Amour en danger. Par René Maizeroy.

Madeleine Jeune Femme. Par René Boylesve.

Le Moulin sur la Sonfroide. Par Marguerite Regnaud.

The book was crowned by the French Academy, and gained the Prix Montyon.

Pour une autre. Par Marianne Damad.

With a Preface by Jules Lemaitre. The author is an Armenian, born at Constantinople, where she spent her early days; but she claims to write solely under French influences. Lemaitre says her tales have 'une style uniè, fluide, de peu de couleur,' in fact, 'gris perle.' But under the 'gris perle vit une âme fine et fière, tendre et courageuse, passionnée mais contenue.'

Jean Guilbert. Scènes de Rouerge. Par Gaston Mercier.

Henry Bordeaux furnishes a Preface, and although he does not agree with Mercier that the influence of the Catholic Church is a thing of the past, he enjoys 'tout ce qu'il y a de sain, de noble et de bien observé dans le drame rustique dont le héros est Jean Guilbert.'

La Torture. Par Maxime Formont.

Fraîcheur. Par Gyp.

Masken und Wunder. Von A. Schnitzler.

Six tales of modern Vienna, of which 'Die Hirtenflöte' and 'Der Mörder' are the best.

ELIZABETH LEE.

ON THE STUDY OF ICELANDIC.



LD Icelandic has become of late years a recognised subject of study in the Universities of our country. True, there is a lack of suitable teachers of the subject, but this is not an insuperable hindrance where grammar, dictionary, and good texts are to be found. The cause lies elsewhere. To reward excellence in classics, mathematics, history and natural science, there are scholarships and fellowships. Theology opens the road to deaneries and bishoprics. Students of our Universities, therefore, may well be forgiven if they are attracted by subjects that lead to position and honour, and are shy of those that bring no dowry with them, in return for midnight study and painful self-denial, save the gratification of an enthusiastic love of knowledge. If I could show that the study of Icelandic is a paying study financially, I should not need to utter for it either plea or apology. But now is my paper both a plea and an apology. I plead with the student of our own language that he cannot afford to neglect a sister language which has much influenced it. I apologise to the lover of literature by telling him of the intellectual treat that Icelandic will afford him. To the student of English I hope to show,

though of necessity in a cursory manner, how his mother-tongue is indebted to the Icelandic. To the lover of literature I shall offer a slight sketch of what the Icelanders wrote seven centuries ago, though I can only touch on some of the qualities that charm the reader. It reflects, perhaps, only a low condition of civilization and of the earliest mechanical arts, but it abounds in types of character most interesting and suggestive, and it affords a picture of the early life of our Teutonic forefathers not to be found elsewhere.

The old Icelandic is an important member of an important group. In the regions of Northern and Central Europe there existed during the early Middle Ages six or seven main forms of spoken Germanic language, of which literary remains have descended to our time. Those languages philologists have divided into two groups, the East Germanic and the West Germanic. Gothic and Icelandic form the East Germanic group; Anglo-Saxon, Old Saxon, and Old High German are the main languages of the West Germanic group. Of the marks of separation between the two groups, the simplest is the presence of an inflexional ending to the nominative case. This is found in Icelandic and Gothic, whereas it had disappeared from Anglo-Saxon and Old High German before they were used for literary purposes. Anglo-Saxon has naturally predominant claims on an Englishman. Of the others, Gothic is perhaps the most interesting, for the translation of the Gospels into that language is centuries older than any literature of the other Germanic languages; and Gothic, therefore, may

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very conveniently be taken as a philological centre from which to measure and compare the changes shown by the others. Why, therefore, you will ask, do you recommend the student, if he must make a choice, to take Icelandic rather than Gothic, or rather than Old High German and Old Saxon, which have a closer affinity with Anglo-Saxon? Because, it may be answered, the Icelandic had much greater modifying influence on Anglo-Saxon, and assisted more greatly in forming our English of to-day than any other language of the Germanic groups. The student of English is accustomed to attach much importance to the French of our Norman conquerors, and to the learned Latin of the revival of literature, for they were main factors in forming the flexible language which we all proudly speak and write to-day. But none the less surely did the Icelandic of the Danish invaders and settlers in this country, during the two centuries before the Norman Conquest and afterwards, modify and strengthen the Anglo-Saxon of King Alfred. I have called the language spoken by Kings Sweyn and Knut Icelandic; possibly you may ask if this is not a misnomer needing explanation. The Danish empire of old times stretched over all the countries bordering on the Skager Rack; and the oldest name of the language spoken throughout this empire was 'the Danish tongue,' *Hin Danska Tunga*. This was the language which the Norse Colonisers of Iceland carried with them at the end of the ninth century, and Iceland was the country where it blossomed into literary form in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. After the rule

of Denmark over Scandinavia was weakened, and Iceland submitted to Norway, Icelandic writers of the thirteenth century called this language 'the Norse tongue,' *Hin Norræna Tunga*. Through the remoteness of Iceland from European disturbances this language has undergone much less change in Iceland than elsewhere—so little change, in fact, that an educated Icelander of to-day can readily understand the ancient writings of his native land. Not so in Denmark, Norway and Sweden. There the old Danish tongue has undergone great changes, and the modern languages there spoken bear to the old much the same relation that Italian, Spanish and French bear to the Latin *Sermo Popularis*. So when in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the rich old buried literature of Iceland was disinterred, the Danish scholars who brought it to light entitled it Icelandic, which is a perfect designation of the old literature, though a restricted name for the old language. It will thus be understood how the language spoken by the followers of Ragnar Lodbrok and of King Knut has come to be called Icelandic.

The Icelandic, then, spoken by the Danish invaders of this country, being closely allied to the Anglo-Saxon, it is probable that the English and Danes understood each other with no more difficulty than a Yorkshireman and Wiltshireman of to-day find in comprehending one another. This comparison may be pressed more closely than appears at first sight, because the Yorkshireman of to-day is as much a descendant of the invading Dane as the Wiltshireman is of the Saxon of Wessex.

The present dialects of Yorkshire and Wiltshire possess probably the same proportion of words common to both as the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon did of old. Measured, therefore, by the actual introduction of new words into the English language, the Icelandic contributions seem, perhaps, small, beside the additions which Norman-French brought, as seen in the pages of Chaucer. Many, too, of introduced Icelandic words are only dialect and local words, not yet adopted into the language of literature. They enter largely into the common speech of Northern and Eastern England; and Lowland Scotch contains a rich infusion of them, as may be seen in the pages of Jamieson's Dictionary. Some of you must have noticed the prevalence in country districts of Lancashire and elsewhere of an auxiliary verb 'mun,' to mark future time: 'I mun go.' Also the common use of 'es' and 'as' for who or which (a use found on a Runic stone in the Isle of Man), together with such words as 'welly,' 'gradely,' 'yah,' 'nei,' 'skrike,' 'owd,' 'scrat.' These are all pure Icelandic. In the Lowland Scotch, 'it gars me greet'—'it makes me weep'—both words are Icelandic, though 'greet' is also Anglo-Saxon. When Antiquary Oldbuck discoursed upon his great discovery of the Prætorium of Julius Agricola, and Edie Ochiltree broke in with 'I mind the bigging o't,' the old mendicant spoke Icelandic. But literary English is not without a good sprinkling of Icelandic words. Among these may be reckoned such verbs as 'quicken,' 'harden'; sea terms as 'haul,' 'halyard,' 'hawser,' 'skerry,' 'windlass,'

'bulk'; and many common words, as 'bloom,' 'daze,' 'droop,' 'die,' 'fellow,' 'hap,' 'if,' 'gain,' 'gossip,' 'gait,' 'ill,' 'kindle,' 'leg,' 'talk,' 'plough,' 'root,' 'same,' 'sky,' 'tidings,' 'tarn,' 'ugly,' 'weak,' 'yeoman.' 'Dream' may be as much Anglo-Saxon as Icelandic, but the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word, joy, or music, has disappeared, and the Icelandic one remains. The Icelandic 'take' has quite displaced the Anglo-Saxon, and the present tense of the verb 'To be' is mainly Icelandic. 'Whit-Sunday' as an Icelandic word is both interesting and picturesque. Our islands had much to do with giving Christianity to the North; and baptism was here administered chiefly at Easter and Pentecost. But in the North, Easter baptisms could not be held owing to the cold of the climate, and Pentecost became, therefore, the chief season for the rite. At baptism, old and young candidates were dressed in white, and wore their white garments for a whole week afterwards. The picturesqueness of the sight gave rise to the name, and the ecclesiastical word Pentecost never had a chance in the North beside the popular 'White-Sunday.' That word came to England with the Danes, for in Anglo-Saxon there is no trace of any name for the day but 'Pentecostes-daeg.'

The Icelandic throws light on many words and phrases in Middle English which have now disappeared. In the old Metrical Genesis, 'to maken lades and to gaderen Coren,' 'lades' is Icelandic for 'barns.' In the Ormulum, 'mikell geymale' is Icelandic for 'great care.' In the old Psalter,

'fra heden forth,' 'heden' is Icelandic for 'hence.'
In the Robin Hood Ballads—

'When shaws been sheen and shraddes full fair,
Lythe and listen gentlemen,
Busk ye, boune ye, my merry men all'—

the strange words are Icelandic. Slating is a process not pleasing to the young author. Some years ago there was a discussion as to the origin of the word, and attempts were made to connect it with the Middle English word 'slaeten,' 'to hunt,' and other words. It is a pure Icelandic word, 'Sletta,' 'to flatten.' It first appears in this country in the Northumbrian version of the Gospels, and after use as a dialect and local word has again become literary. As a local word it had a home in Liverpool. In the Municipal Records of the town, published by Sir James Picton, mention is made, in the discussions of the Town Council under the year 1647, of demolishing certain earth-works round the castle of Liverpool, which in the days of the Civil War stood where St. George's Church now stands. Sir James's extract reads: 'Ordered that Mr Mayor should request that the Castle be repaired and fortified and the works slaughtered.'

Two inflexional changes, probably both due to Icelandic, are interesting. The infinitive mood ended in 'n' in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and the Old High German, but not in Icelandic. The 'n' remains to the present day in German; but dialectical influence in the North and East of England weakened it with us, until it gradually disappeared from Middle English. The same lot

befell the prefix 'ga,' 'ge,' or 'gi.' We are familiar with it in modern German, especially in past participles. It was exceedingly common in Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, prefixed to words of various parts of speech, but was early lost in Icelandic. That prefix disappeared likewise from our English tongue after the invasions of the Danes. Like the 'n' of the infinitive, however, it lingered in literary English until the later Middle English period, in the softened form of 'y' or 'i,' and we find such words as 'yclad,' 'yclept' in Spenser and Shakespeare.

After these examples of the modifying influence of Icelandic on Anglo-Saxon, I would say a few words on certain place-names due to the Danish Settlers. The 'Ridings' and 'Wapentakes' of Yorkshire, the 'Sheadings' of the Isle of Man, the 'Rapes' of Sussex, are Icelandic words. Every school-boy is taught to draw the orthodox conclusion from the terminations of names in 'by,' 'wall,' 'wick,' 'thorpe,' 'thwaite,' 'ay' and the rest; but the Icelandic will often throw light on the body of the word as well as the termination. As a rule, it is dangerous to attempt giving the etymology of a place-name until we have found the earliest form under which it appears, and can trace the changes in it by means of old charters, deeds, or plans. Premising this, I will doubtfully explain two or three names in my own neighbourhood. The word Liverpool itself is one which suggests an old Danish or Norse origin. I take it that the first part, Liver, is the same as the first part of the name of an adjacent spot, Litherland;

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so that Liverpool means 'the pool of the slope,' the slope being the rising ground between the river and Everton, the pool being the little creek now built over between the river and the Custom House. The same word Lither appears in the name of a famous place in Iceland, Hlidarendi—Litharend. The late Sir James Picton, who believed in the Keltic origin of the word Liverpool, would not allow that it had the same origin as the word Litherland, because in King John's original Charter to the town the word Liverpool is spelt with a 'v,' and he could not overcome the difficulty of accepting the change of a dental aspirate 'th' to a labial 'f' or 'v.' Such a change is not common, certainly. But classical scholars recognise it when they compare *θύρα* with 'foris,' *θήρ* with 'fera,' *ῥυθρός* with 'rufus.' There are Icelandic words such as 'þél' which appear in English as 'file,' and we have a parallel case to Liverpool in the word 'Bickerstaff.' The old form of this word, as may be seen in Baines's Lancashire, is Bickerstath or Bickersteth. We might feel doubtful in referring Liverpool to a northern origin if it stood alone, but there are many other place-names in the neighbourhood which it is difficult to refer to any other than the same origin. 'Formby,' the old stead, 'Meols,' the sandhills, 'Lunt,' a grove, 'Thingwall,' field of the Assembly, 'Everton,' the upper town, 'Netherton,' the lower town, 'Sefton,' 'Ormskirk,' 'Kirkby,' 'Skelmersdale'—which word recalls the 'Boggart-hole-clough' of East Lancashire—'Scaresbrick,' 'Scarth Hill,' and many others.

Enough has been said to show that the language spoken by the followers of Knut and Sweyn modified the Anglo-Saxon tongue of this country, and becoming welded with it, helped to form the Early Middle English of the pre-Chaucer times. Its influence is seen in the introduction of new words into the language, and especially the dialects of the country, the modifying inflectional forms, the growth of place-names. In other ways, the idiom and pronunciation for example, its influence was perhaps equally great. The study of the growth of English language and pronunciation from the eleventh to the fourteenth century has been regarded chiefly as a study of the influence of Norman-French on Anglo-Saxon, and much light has been thrown upon it by the labours of the late Professor Skeat and Richard Morris. This would seem to be but an imperfect view, and the time has come when the influence to which I have just sketchily alluded should receive due regard, and be accorded more than a passing observation in the best future text-books of the English language. A powerful help to this end is the publication by Professor Wright, of Oxford, of the great English Dialect Dictionary, founded on the collections of the English Dialect Society.

I now pass to the second part of my subject, the Literature of the Icelandic tongue.

The general observation may first be made, that it is always more delightful to become acquainted with the masterpieces of literature in the original language, than through the medium of translations.

Prose writings, indeed, may be presented in a translation, in a form leaving little to be desired. But it seems doubtful if poetry written in one language can be presented satisfactorily in another. A translator who turns poetry into prose may preserve the ideas of his original, but he neglects, perforce, what may be the poet's greatest charm, his rhythmical form and musical cadences. Fancy a translation of Shelley's 'Alastor' into French prose. On the other hand, if a poet is presented in a metrical translation, the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm play sad havoc with the images and glowing fantasies, blotting his work with sins of omission and of commission. We have, indeed, many admirable translations of poetical works into metrical forms of English. But what classical scholar, wishful to spend an hour with his favourite author, would replace him with the best of these, notwithstanding their many happy renderings? There are no such masterpieces in the Icelandic that cannot be rendered into English so as fairly to content a reader; but there is much that is quaint and original that can only be appreciated in the language in which it is written.

The Age of Literature in Iceland covers a period of about two centuries. The first writer, Ari, was born in 1067, the year after the battle of Hastings. In 1264 Iceland became subject to Norway. To the intervening two centuries belongs nearly all that can interest the student of Icelandic literature. It may fairly be included in about twenty volumes, and it comprises sagas, history and biography, poetry and mythology, and religious writings.

All this is not merely the literature of the Iceland of the time, but the only native vernacular literature of the whole Northern race of Scandinavia, Denmark and the Orkneys. For, as far as I am aware, there is no vernacular literature in Denmark before the fifteenth century. Not that Denmark is without early chroniclers, for Saxo Grammaticus was contemporary with early Icelandic writers, but he wrote in Latin. Norway has, indeed, a thirteenth century vernacular literature, fostered by King Hakon the Old, a contemporary of our Henry III; but it was a foreign and court literature, consisting mainly of translations from French court literature, such as *Lays and Lives of the Heroes of Chivalry*. The question is often asked, What cause can have produced such a phenomenon as this blaze of literature in Iceland generations before it shone anywhere else in the Northern race?—a question difficult to answer, for many causes may have contributed to produce the result. But among those that can be assigned for such unique phenomenon, the most potent is probably to be found in the character of the Icelandic immigration. We learn that the despotic rule of Harold Fairhair, when he crushed the petty kings of Norway, and reduced the whole country under his single rule, as Egbert of Wessex had done in England, drove some of Norway's best families to seek a home elsewhere, and many of them settled in the newly discovered uninhabited Iceland. It is to be remembered also that the roving spirit of Northmen, long before this time, had driven the boldest and most active of them to conquer settle-

ments for themselves in Ireland and the outlying parts of Great Britain. And when these colonies in the British Islands heard report of the new found Iceland, and the flight of the Norwegian exiles thither, they too furnished emigrants of Norse and mixed blood to settle in the land where their brethren had found peace. Thus there was introduced into Iceland a strain of the best and noblest Keltic blood, which we may well suppose bore with it traditions of old Irish literature, but at least enriched the new land with something of the gift of facile and expressive speech, and the vivid imagination, which has ever marked the Irish people. From this union of race, Scandinavian with Kelt, sprang that feeling for letters which has made of a wintry, volcanic island a bright oasis, blossoming with sacred memories of heroic deeds and human emotions. And when we compare the literature which Iceland produced during its time of freedom with the Anglo-Saxon and early English literature of the same period, we are struck with the greater richness and fullness of the former; and our wonder is increased when we learn that the population of Iceland could scarcely have been more than one-thirtieth part that of England at the same time, and never probably reached one-tenth of the population of the Liverpool of to-day.

In any enumeration of the Icelandic literary productions the sagas must hold the first place. Let us see how they originated. The centre of the island is one vast uninhabitable volcanic mountainous waste. The coast is cut up by indenting

fjords, into which flow the main rivers of the island. In the valleys through which these rivers flow, especially where they broaden out on approaching the fjords, the population was settled, a population for the most part pastoral. The people of each valley were, naturally, much more closely connected together than to the rest of the community. Well nigh each main valley has left us its saga, the story of some great man or family who lived there, and was the centre around whom feuds raged and stirring deeds were done. The nucleus in each case may have been small, but as the saga was handed down by tradition from generation to generation, it gathered around it subsidiary stories, tales of pure imagination, accounts of supernatural incidents; all being welded together into one delightful mass of story, biography, legend and superstition. So long as a saga was handed down by word of mouth only, expansion of its incidents was kept within bounds—the memory of man is limited; but when the sagas were reduced to writing, every new generation contributed its share to overload the story with all kinds of legendary accretions that bore in any way on the main saga. Fact and fancy are mingled together in a congested mass, especially in the longer sagas. It is this congested character that prevents the sagas from ever becoming popular reading among us. The number of individuals introduced, often merely by name, as in genealogies, is far beyond what any ordinary reader can carry in mind. We may say, therefore, that from an artistic point of view the sagas, with perhaps

one exception—the *Njala*—are deficient in unity. The accretionary legends are sometimes extraordinary. In the *Olaf Saga* there is found what may be termed the William Tell incident, where an archer shoots an apple or other object from the head of a boy. And the *Olaf Saga* is one hundred and fifty years older than the Swiss traditions of William Tell. In *Eric the Red's Saga*, which embodies the discovery of America by the Northmen, there is one of Pliny's Travellers' Tales. Pliny tells us of a race of men in Africa that had only one leg, but who with that one leg could out-run ordinary men with two. The foot of this leg was so large that its owner, when lying on his back, used it as a sunshade to protect him against the sun's rays. A creature of this race was found in America by the Northmen, according to *Eric the Red's Saga*; just as, three centuries later, 'Sir John Mandeville' tells us he found the race in Africa.

Stripped then of its later excrescences, a saga was a story founded on fact, meant to be told by word of mouth, and probably was so told for a century or more before it was written down. The root of the word 'saga' is the same as the English word 'say.' 'Saga' and 'saw,' the English word for a maxim, were doubtless the same word, and meant the same thing originally. But 'saga' has grown bulky, so as to include history and biography; 'saw' has grown small, and means little more than a proverb. The sagas thus had their origin in story-telling, and the Icelandic was a born story-teller. He developed and polished his art in the long winter evenings of a sub-arctic home, and

practised it wherever men met and time hung heavily on them. His skill was a ready passport in every land whither chance led him. Let me tell an illustrative story from the sagas of Harold Hardrede, the king who was slain at the battle of Stamford Bridge, Yorkshire, in 1066.

It fell on a summer that an Icelander, young and active, but withal penniless, presented himself before King Harold, and asked for aid. 'Do you know any tales of bye-gone times?' asked the King. The Icelander professed that he could relate a few sagas; and the King replied, 'You shall stay with my guardsmen for the winter, and amuse them whenever they wish and ask you to do so.' So the Icelander took up his quarters with the men, and was soon very popular with them. They gave him raiment, and the King himself furnished him with excellent weapons. As Yule-tide approached the Icelander grew depressed, and when the King asked the cause, could give no reason. 'I'll tell you the reason,' said the King; 'you have come to the end of your stories. All through the winter, night and day, for long periods together, you have been ready to amuse every man that asked you; and now, just when Yule-tide is here, you have a bad feeling that your stories will run short, and you don't want to tell the same a second time.' 'You are right, sire,' replied the Icelander; 'I have only one saga left, and I daren't tell it here; for it is the story of your deeds in foreign lands.' 'That is the very saga I have most curiosity to hear,' said the King. 'You shall do no more in the way of amusing us till Yule; the men are busy.

But the first day of Yule you shall begin the saga, and relate a portion of it. There will be great feasting, and we shall not have too much time for pleasant stories; I will take care, therefore, that the saga and the Yule feast shall come to an end together, and you shall not discover so long as the story lasts whether I am pleased or not.' So the first day of Yule the Iclander began the saga; but he had not recited much of it before the King stopped him. Hereupon the guests eagerly discussed the story. 'He is a bold man, that Iclander,' said one, 'to tell that saga.' 'How will the King like it?' asked another. Some thought the story well told, others did not venture to praise it. The King took pains that the story should have a good hearing, and so managed that it lasted to the end of the feast. And on Twelfth Night he said to the Iclander, 'Have you no wish to know how I like your saga?' 'I dread asking you, sire,' answered the man. 'It seemed to me very well told,' replied the King; 'you nowhere spoke of facts otherwise than as they occurred. Who taught you the story?' The Iclander answered, 'It was my habit, sire, in Iceland, to attend the National Assembly every summer, and year upon year I learnt parts of the saga as it was told by Halldor Snorrason.' 'No wonder you are accurate,' said the King, 'if you learnt from him. My saga shall bring you special gain; for as long as you are willing to stay with me, you shall be welcome.' The Iclander, therefore, spent that winter with the King; and when summer drew nigh the King presented him with an excellent

trading ship, and thenceforward he was a thriving man.

One word more of the saga. As it was meant to be listened to and not read, so its style is marked by incisiveness, clearness and simplicity. And, however much a saga when written down was overloaded with extraneous matter by the piling of episode on episode, the same qualities mark its several portions. But to the modern readers the saga's stories have one great defect. They contain but few appeals to the emotional side of human nature. The Norseman of A.D. 1000 knew not what emotion meant. He was like the Spartan, whose highest effort it was, if not to be without feeling, at least to appear complete master of himself in restraining the emotions. So the teller of stories was no tear-compeller, and rarely ventured even on such pathetic bits as the account of the death of King Olaf's dog Wiggy. Saga heroes all seem hard, and as for saga heroines, what cold ruthless Lady Macbeths they all are, *pace* Mr. William Morris, and the noble Gudrun of the Earthly Paradise. And this lack of emotional appeal is a second reason—I have already mentioned the want of artistic grouping as the first—why English readers allow translations of the sagas to stand untouched on the bookshelf.

Out of the saga grew biography and history—history of the Herodotean type. Simple and bright narratives of events, mingled with quaint folk-lore stories, mythology and legend; full of racy dialogue and the play of wits against wits. The histories tell the lives of the Kings of Norway

and of the Orkney Earls; they relate the story of the Wickings of Jorn, the great piratical community of the Baltic, and they sketch the lives of the Danish kings. If the historical student desires to appreciate the moving force which made the Danes and Northmen a conquering race in every part of Europe, he should read these original documents in the Icelandic. For modern histories but rarely give the same impression of a period or its heroes as contemporary records give. Writers allow the feelings and ideas of their own time to influence them in minimising or ignoring those of the time of which they write. May I instance the case of religious, or if you prefer the word, superstitious feelings. Your pur-blind and rationalistic writer describes the history of a time, suppose, when belief in miracles moved men's minds, when the supernatural encompassed them on every side, when evil spirits and their human servants, wizards and witches, were in league against mankind, and he writes of it in the spirit of his own scientific unbelief, perhaps even omitting the supernatural altogether, as if it could be stripped off a man like a greatcoat, and did not give form and colour to his every action, great and small.

An historical work, relating to Iceland itself, deserves special mention, the *Landnama-bo'c*. It is the *Doomsday Book* of Iceland, and was first put together, probably by Ari, soon after the time when the English *Doomsday Book* was compiled. It contains an account of the families of the early settlers from Norway and the British Isles, beginning with Ingolf, who, in A.D. 874, first established

himself in the south-west of the island. It gives also the boundaries of each settler's claim. But the work is no mere bundle of genealogical and geographical facts; it contains other notices, touching, for example, upon human sacrifices, second sight, the land spirits, witchcraft, and the power of wizards to change their shapes. Here is one of such notices: 'Rolf Redbeard claimed all Holmsland between the rivers Fiskay and Rangay, and he abode near Fors, the waterfall. His son Thorstein Rednel lived there after him, and being much given to idolatry, worshipped the waterfall, into which he cast all the remnants of food left by his household. He was remarkable for his prophetic foresight. He used to count his sheep, two thousand in number, as they came forth from the public mountain fold. Each autumn as he gazed upon them he recognised those among them that were fey, or doomed to die, and had them killed for the winter's food. The last autumn of his life, as he looked at the sheep coming forth from the fold, he said, "Kill which ever you like; either all the sheep are fey, or I am fey myself, or we both are." He died during the winter, and on the night of his death all his sheep plunged headlong into the waterfall.'

The men who reduced the sagas to writing are unknown to us, but the writers of the lives of the Kings of Norway are not equally unknown. Half a dozen learned men are mentioned as historians—Ari, Kolskegg, Soenund, Karl Jonson, Snorri, and Sturla. It is no easy matter, however, to distinguish the work of the earliest of these. There

was no law of copyright in Iceland. Snorri, according to the ancient custom, took all that Ari and the others wrote, and absorbed their work, perhaps even incorporating it verbally with his own. His great history is the *Heimskringla*, of which there are two translations in English, but it is a matter of great doubt if we have the work as he left it. More probably it has come down in the polished rewritten shape to which Norwegian kings and nobles had it reduced for their own reading. The last of the historians was Sturla, the author of the *Sturlunga Saga*. His style is the very perfection of simplicity, the incarnation of 'pitiless objectivity.' He wrote also the life of King Hakon the Old, at the command of Hakon's son Magnus. This life has been translated into English by Sir George Dasent, for the Historical Records Commissioners, because of King Hakon's connection with this country. For he was the last Norse King of the Hebrides, over which the ancient Norwegian supremacy was terminated by his defeat at the battle of Largs in 1263.

Mythology and early poetry may naturally be treated together. The main source of our information on ancient Northern mythology is the Icelandic literature. This literature, equally with Anglo-Saxon literature, comes to us from Christian hands. But it is a matter of great regret that our early writers, doubtless from a repugnance begotten of their new faith, shrank from recording the pagan faiths of their ancestors. If the Venerable Bede had left us in the old Northumbrian dialect an

account of the religious superstitions which only died out in his time, and which he might have heard at his mother's knee, what a priceless volume he would have given to the world. He tells us that the month of the great Christian paschal feast was called Easter month from the name of a Saxon goddess whose festival was celebrated in spring; and this is almost the only reference he has made to the gods and goddesses of the Angles and Saxons. Fortunately for all who find pleasure in the study of northern antiquities, the early Christian writers of Iceland, having inherited from their parents the practice of worshipping their ancestors, felt more interest in the faiths of their ancestors than to allow the recollection of them to perish for ever. The richest treasure of mythological legends is the two volumes of the Eddas. One of these volumes is a series of old poems of unknown authorship, collected by a twelfth century lover of folk-lore, from the mouths of northern and western reciters in Iceland and the Orkneys. These poems have been often described. The Prose Edda, written by Snorri, the historian, contains a series of paraphrases of old poems which he strung together as Dickens strung his Christmas Stories. Translations of parts of the Edda are within easy reach. There is also a large collection of what is termed Court poetry, the work of Poets Laureate, so to speak, whose chief business was to praise their royal patrons, while alive, in encomiastic verse, and to compose dirges upon them when dead. There is a little idyllic story of the beginnings of poetic inspiration in one of these Court poets which

reminds us of a similar story in the early life of our first poet, Caedmon:—

Thorleif, the poet of the Orkney Earls, was buried in cairn at Thingwall, in Iceland. Long afterwards a shepherd name Hallbion used to lead his flocks to pasture by the mound, upon which he himself slept at nights. The desire often entered his mind to compose a poem in praise of the dweller in the cairn. But as he was no poet, not having skill to arrange fitly the alliterative words and rhymes, he never made further progress than the words—

A poet lies beneath this mound

One night he was lying as usual on the cairn wondering how he might add something to his half line. He fell asleep, and behold the cairn opened, and a man came forth, tall and well-equipped, who walked up to Hallbion and thus spake: 'There you lie, Hallbion, labouring on that for which you have no gift, the composition of a poem on me. If you are born to be a poet, you will be more likely to learn the art from me than from others. If not, you had better trouble yourself no further about it. I will compose the first verse for you, and if you remember it when you wake, you will become a great poet, and compose poems about noble chieftains, and grow famous.' The ghost then took hold of the shepherd's tongue, pulled it and stretched it, reciting at the same time this verse:

A poet lies beneath this mound, the prince of poets he,
Who boldly blamed Earl Hakon for greed and tyranny,
With keen lampoon in his own hall he satirized the Prince,
Such deed of courage ne'er was seen either before or since.

'You will now make your first essay in poetry,' said he, 'by writing a poem in my praise when you awake, choosing carefully the diction and paying special attention to the poetical figures.' Having thus spoken, he turned into the cairn, which closed up after him, and Hallbion awoke, just in time to catch a glimpse of his shoulders. He remembered the verse, and taking his cattle home, told the story and completed the poem. Afterwards he became a famous poet, composing poems in honour of many great chiefs, who rewarded him with rich gifts and high esteem.

In the old Eddic poetry, the chief devices of versification were alliteration and stress, as in Anglo-Saxon poetry. But the Court poetry had a much more complex structure. The laws of its form were so stringent that few of the Court poets give the impression of being untrammelled by them, and only a genius like Hallfred, the poet of King Olaf Tryggwason, could display poetic fervour under them. Each stanza of a poem consisted of four lines, or rather eight half-lines, and each half-line contained six syllables in the form of three trochees. In the space of the two half-lines were contained three alliterations, a rhyme and a half-rhyme. Consider the two half-lines—

Homeward hies the deemster
Heartsick now at parting;

the first letter in the second half-line, 'h,' is the alliterative letter; there must be two words beginning with 'h' in the first half-line. These are 'homeward' and 'hies.' There must be a half

rhyme in the first half-line, this is found in the words 'home' and 'deem.' The full rhyme is in the second half-line, 'heart' and 'part' (Homeward hies the deemster, Heartsick now at parting).

These shackles led to the excessive growth of a species of metaphor called a kenning. We use a kenning when we call a ship 'the steed of the main,' so does the penny-a-liner when he speaks of the 'devouring element.' These are simple kennings; but kennings may be double, triple, or compound. It is a simple kenning when we call gold 'the flame of the sea,' or call the sea 'the playground of fishes.' It becomes a double kenning when we call gold the 'flame of the playground of fishes.' As an example of a compound kenning, meaning warrior, found in the saga of King Olaf Tryggwason, we may take dock-steeds, moon's-gales, fire hurler. The dock-steed is a ship, a ship's moon is a shield, the shield's gale is battle, the battle's fire is spear, and spear hurler is warrior. No small intelligence was needed in the hearer to follow and understand what was meant; many of the stock kennings refer to mythological and folklore stories, as for instance, when gold is described as Sif's hair, or Freya's tears, or Frodi's meal. A large part of the Prose Edda was written by Snorri to be an 'Ars Poetica,' in which he explains the origin of kennings. To the question, 'Why is gold called the flame of the sea?' he thus answers, paraphrasing a passage from an old poem—'The story tells us that Aegir, god of Ocean, attended a feast at Ansegarth, the abode of the gods, and on his departure invited Odin and the other Anses to

a banquet. Those who attended were Odin, Niord, Frey, Tyr, Bragi, Vidar, Loki; and the goddesses Frigg, Freya, Gefion, Skadi, Iduna, and Sif. Thor was unable to be present, for he had gone away into Eastern lands to slay Trolls. All having taken their seats, Aegir commanded a mass of bright gold to be brought in and placed on the floor of the hall, which it lighted up like a fire in the same way that Valhalla is lighted up by the gleaming swords of the heroes.' Such is the mythological explanation of 'flame of the sea' as a kenning for gold. And to the question, why is gold called 'Sif's hair?' Snorri answers—'Loki, the son of Lanfey, in order to show his skill, cut off all Sif's hair. When her husband, Thor, became aware of this, he seized Loki, and would have broken every bone of his body if he had not sworn to go and beg from the Dwarfs that they would make Sif new hair of gold, which should grow like the hair she had lost.'

You will gather from these illustrations that a more appropriate name for Court poetry would be Court verse. Only here and there, 'rari nantes,' may be seen the evidence of a poet's 'fine frenzy'; instead thereof is much skill in putting together word puzzles and much use of extravagant metaphor. In imagination, fire and in irony, the Court poetry is far beneath the old Eddic poetry. The struggle for excessive correctness of rhythm, and a contracted idea of the beauty of form, were fatal to poetic feeling. Strange to say, the Court poetry is valuable chiefly to the historical student. In the lives of the Kings there often appear verses, quoted

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quite uselessly as illustrations. But they are really the contemporary evidence on which the historian founded his prose narrative of facts.

Space fails me to refer to the homilies and other religious literature. The linguistic value of these is high, because the oldest Icelandic manuscripts, older than those of kings' lives and sagas, are manuscripts of homilies. Neither can I refer to the 'Lyga-sogur,' lying sagas. These are chiefly short stories, imitations of the real saga, and are works of pure imagination—in fact, novels.

When the first discoverers of Iceland carried back home to Norway their impressions of the land they had visited, these impressions could not have been very favourable, or the name Iceland would not have stuck to it. Some reported nothing but ill; others spoke in mixed accents of praise and disparagement; but one traveller declared that butter dropped from every blade of grass. So with respect to the literature of Iceland. I have heard men say that the language should by all means be studied, because of its value to the philological student; but the literature need not occupy the attention of any reader of modern English, French and German. In that opinion I do not concur; I hope rather that the eager student of the language will find entertainment in the sagas, as I have done, and that 'butter drops from every blade of grass.'

J. SEPTON.

SOME EARLY BOOKSELLERS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.

N Tuesday, the tenth of February, 1354,—in other words, in the twenty-eighth year of Edward the Third—a very serious affray between town and gown broke out at Oxford.

Some students entered the Mermaid Tavern, then known as Swyndlestoks, or Swynstocks, and called for wine. John de Croydon, vintner, served them; but the wine was not to their liking, and they told him so. It is possible that they were only indulging in a little banter at his expense, and that he, being a slow-witted or super-sensitive man, took the matter seriously and resented their remarks. But whatever the cause of the quarrel, angry words led one of the students to hurl wine and vessel at the vintner's head. He called for help, his friends and neighbours rushed in, and the gownsmen had to fight for their lives. There was always a latent hostility between the scholars and the townsmen, the latter resenting the power over them that was given to the Chancellor of the University. The slightest provocation was enough to bring masters and apprentices, and even women, into the streets, armed with bows and arrows, sticks and stones, for an attack on the students, and on this occasion the

signal was given by the ringing of the town bell at St. Martin's. On the other hand, the gownsmen summoned their fellows by ringing the University bell at St. Mary's.

Few, if any, of the colleges, as we know them now, were then in existence, the clerks or scholars living with the professors under whom they were studying in what were known as hostels or inns. The Chancellor of the University at that time was Humphrey de Cherleton, who narrowly escaped being transfixed by an arrow on venturing into the streets to try to quell this disturbance. Nothing more serious than broken heads resulted before darkness put an end to the scrimmage, and the Chancellor no doubt thought that, as on previous occasions, a night's reflection would bring peace between the combatants. But in this he was mistaken. Early the following morning the townsmen, summoned by the ringing of the town bell, gathered in large numbers, and not content with attacking any student who happened to be abroad, made an organised attack on the hostels or inns in which they lived, killing the inmates and destroying their books and furniture.

This went on for two or three days, with the result that most of the clerks or students who were resident in the town were either killed or fled into the surrounding country. Amongst those who appear to have remained was Lewis de Cherleton, brother of the Chancellor, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, but then merely a teacher in the University, taking private pupils in theology, civil law, and mathematics. The house in which he lived was known

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as Cherleton's Inn, and stood on the site of All Souls' College. In all probability it escaped attack by the turbulent citizens, but on this point there is no information. It can, however, be readily believed that Lewis de Cherleton, as well as his brother the Chancellor, must have been an eyewitness of, if not an actual participator in, the wild scenes enacted in Oxford during those eventful days. At any rate, both of them set to work to restore peace without delay, and obtained from the King the release of some of the townsmen who had been imprisoned for their share in the riot, as well as his protection for the scholars—an act of generosity that led to their names being enrolled in the album of benefactors, and an annual mass for their souls being celebrated on St. Edmund's Day.

Another citizen of Oxford at that time was Richard Lynne, stationer to the University. His shop was perhaps in Cat Street, which seems to have been the home of stationers of a later date. At any rate, he was a dealer in books, and is certainly one of the earliest provincial stationers of whom we have any record. Amongst his customers was Lewis de Cherleton, who on the 8th February, 1358 (? 1359), bought of him a copy of the '*Historia Scholastica*' of Petrus Comestor. This book is now in the possession of New College, and is described by Coxe as a folio, written in double columns in a hand of the thirteenth century. The volume had previously been in the possession of John and Stephen de Harmesby, by whom it had been pledged on the Monday next before the feast of St. Gregory, in

1354, and was afterwards in the hands of an unknown scholar, who also placed it as a 'cautio,' or bond, 'in cista de Turwille . . . crastino Sancti Vincentii anno Domini m.ccc.lvi.,' all which interesting information is duly recorded in the volume itself, and has been faithfully set down by Coxe in his catalogue.

New College also possesses another copy of the same work, or the second part of it, which belonged to an Oxford man of note, Thomas Cranley, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. He began his college career as a Fellow of Merton in 1366, and successively held the offices of Principal of Hart Hall and Warden of New. It was probably about that time that he bought this book of John Brown, stationer, of Oxford, a fact which he duly recorded at the commencement of the manuscript, but without saying when, or what he gave for it. At any rate, we may be grateful to him for preserving this stationer's name. Archbishop Cranley was a great book-collector, and many of his treasured volumes are still on the shelves of New College, to which he bequeathed them.

Particulars of another interesting book-sale are recorded by Coxe in his description of the manuscripts of University College, Oxford. The work is described as, '*Gulielmi Peraldi Lugdunensis opus de vitiis septem in partes totidem distinctum*,' a folio of 228 leaves, in a thirteenth-century hand. This book was bought by William Palmer, sometime precentor of the church at Crediton, in Devon, of Thomas Veysey, stationer, of London, in August, 1433, for the sum of £1 13s. 4d., and was afterwards

given to the dean and parishioners of Crediton by William Palmer's executor, John Lyndon. Of the purchaser we know no more than this note tells us; but Thomas Veysey, the stationer, can be traced on the De Banco Rolls as late as the year 1478. (De Banco Roll, Mich. 18 Ed. 4, roll 868 m, 490 verso.)

Passing now from Oxford to Cambridge, I am indebted to Mr. G. J. Gray for the following note from Dr. James's Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of Corpus Christi College. No. 164 is a small folio in a hand of the fourteenth century, containing Ralph Higden's 'Polychronicon,' the 'Biblia Pauperum,' and other works, and at the foot of the first folio is written—

'liber m. Johannis Gunthorp decani Wellensis emptus a david lyenel 13^a Julii a^o. vij^o h. vij^{mi} pro iiij^o iiij^d.'

The purchaser in this case was an ecclesiastic, who, like Wolsey and Cromwell in later times, rose to great power in the State. Some accounts say that he was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and that with John Free or Freas he studied in foreign universities. In 1483 he was appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal, with a salary of twenty shillings a day, to be taken from the subsidies of the ports of Sandwich, Poole, Bristol, and Bridgewater. He also held the office of Clerk of the Parliament, with an annual salary of £40. In addition to this, he was King's Almoner, Secretary to the Queen, Prebendary of St. Stephen's, Westminster, Master or Warden of Queen's Hall, Cambridge, and, finally, Dean of Wells, where he died in 1498.

There is no doubt that John Gunthorp possessed a large number of books, many of which he had picked up during his travels abroad, while others, like the one above noted, were purchased in London.

It will be noticed that nothing is said by Gunthorp to show that David Lyenel was a 'stationer,' but we learn this from the De Banco Rolls, on which his name occurs twice in the years 1484-5. In the first he figures as 'David Leonell stationer and serjeant at arms,' and as defendant in a suit brought by John Pery, grocer. In the second he went bail for a certain Hugh Lyonell, goldsmith, of London, possibly a brother. (De Banco Rolls, 890 m 438 recto, and 894 m 28 verso.)

He was appointed one of the King's Sergeants-at-Arms in 1474, and received twelve pence for his wages from the fee farm of the City of London, and a livery of the suit of esquires of the household yearly at Christmas at the Great Wardrobe. (Calendar of Patents, Edward IV—Henry VI, p. 461.) In some accounts of the reign of Edward IV, preserved amongst the Harleian Manuscripts, is a payment of £18 5s. to 'David Leonell serjeant at arms.' (Harl. 433, f. 310^b.)

Here then we have four 'stationers' who prove to have been dealers in books, and the fact that the names of Thomas Veysey and David Lyenel as stationers came to light before the discovery of these book sales, emphasizes the importance of making a note of all 'stationers,' wherever they may be found. Thanks to the De Banco Roll

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entries, we now know that Thomas Veysey's life-work covered a period of at least forty-five years, while David Lyenel can be traced from the year 1474, when he was made sergeant-at-arms, until 1491, the year in which he sold John Gunthorp the copy of Higden's 'Polychronicon,' now on the shelves of Corpus Christi College.

HENRY R. PLOMER.

ROBERT COPLAND AND PIERRE GRINGOIRE.

THAT Robert Copland, the literary printer who worked in the printing office of Wynkyn de Worde, translated his 'Complaint of them that be too late married' from the French has been noticed by critics, and indeed cannot escape the observation of even a careless reader, but I am not aware that the source of his inspiration has been indicated.

Amongst the many productions of Pierre Gringoire there is a 'Complainte de trop tard marié.' There were various editions, some with, and some without his name, but his authorship of the tract was shown by an acrostic forming the last eight lines of the poem, and beginning

Gouverner debuez la maison.

This easy cryptogram was imitated by Copland in these lines:

THE AUCTOUR.

Rychenes in youth with good gouernance,
Often helpeth age when youth is gone his gate;
Both yonge and olde must haue theyr sustenance
Euer in this worlde, soo ye kyll and rethrograte:
Ryght as an ampte, the whiche all gate,
Trusseth and caryeth for his lyues fode,
Eny thyng that whiche hym seemeth to be good.

Crysten folke ought for to haue
 Open hertes vnto God almyght,
 Puttynge in theyr mynde thyr soule to saue,
 Lernynge to come vnto the eternall lyght,
 And kepe well theyr maryage and trouth plyght;
 Nothing [*sic*] alwaye of theyr last ende,
 Durynge theyr lyues how they the tyme spende.

When John Payne Collier reprinted Copland's poem he did not notice this indication of authorship, but it was pointed out to him later, and is duly mentioned in his 'Bibliographical Account.'

I have not access to a copy of Gringoire's poem, but two verses are quoted in Gay's 'Bibliographie des ouvrages relatifs à l'amour,' etc. (t. i. col. 640). One is sufficient to show the identity of the material of Copland and Gringoire:

Elle va ès banquets ou dances,
 Pour cela et n'offence en rien;
 Il faut qu'el prenne ses playsances
 Quelque part, si je cognois bien.
 Pourquoi je veuil dire et soustien
 Que plus souvent avec moy l'eusse,
 Si plus tot marie me fusse.

Compare this with Copland:

If that she go to bancketts and daunces,
 She doth none offence therin certayne:
 Nedes she must have her pleasaunces
 In some place to make her glad and fayne,
 Wherefore I dare well say and susteyne
 That after with me I wolde haue her ledde,
 If ony soner I had ben to her wedde.

Another of Copland's translations from the French is a 'Complaynt of them that be to soone

married' (Wynkyn de Worde 1535)—no doubt a version of Gringoire's '*Complainte de trop tost marié*.'

Copland was not a poet, but his verses are interesting documents in the history of our early popular literature. There is a good notice of him in the '*Dictionary of National Biography*.' His '*Complaynte of them that ben too late married*' is included in Collier's '*Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*' (1863). Of the companion '*Complaint*' there is an analysis in Dibdin's *Ames* (ii. 384). His best work, the '*Highway to the Spital House*,' which is reprinted in Hazlitt's '*Early Popular Poetry*' (iv., 17) presents a vivid though satirical view of some aspects of English life at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE RESERVED BOOKS FROM THE KING'S LIBRARY.

IN histories of book-collecting and works on the British Museum, reference has often been made to the fact that by order of his successor certain books were reserved from the library of George III at the time of its transference to the Museum. The following account of these books is here printed from a transcript of the memorandum drawn up by Sir Frederic Augusta Barnard. At the end of the transcript is the note

This is a faithful copy. Nich. Carlisle
Royal Library,
Palace, Kensington
19th June, 1828.

It will be seen that the books were thirty in number, of which one was bequeathed to the King by a Mr. Hewett of Ipswich, and twenty-seven presented to him by the well-known antiquary, Jacob Bryant.

MEMORANDUM

ALL the Books which are mentioned in the following List, have been taken out of The Royal Catalogue, by Command of His Present Majesty George the Fourth,—such Order having been com-

municated by the King in person to Mr. Barnard, the Librarian, at St James's on Sunday Evening the 15th of June, 1828,—at which interview Mr. Barnard had the honour of being created a Master of the Guelphic Order of Knighthood,—His Majesty himself, with condescending goodness, investing him with the usual Decorations.

The following Books have likewise been commanded by His Majesty not to be sent to the British Museum,—

Psalmorum Codex ad usum Chori; typis Missalibus. fol. maj. in pergamena, Johannes Fust et Petrus Schoeffer de Gernscheym, Moguntia, 1457.

This most splendid and rare Book was purchased out of the University Library at Gottingen by His Majesty George the Third, at the Price of Four Hundred guineas.

The Subtyl Historyes and Fables of Æsop, translated out of Frensshe into Englysshe, by Wylliam Caxton, also, the Fables of Avian, Alfonse and Poge, the Florentyn; with a Portrait of Æsop, and cuts in wood. fol., Wylliam Caxton, Westmynstre, 1484. 142 leaves.

On a leaf in the front of this fine copy is written,—

The Esops Fables, now in the King's Library, was left to His Majesty by the late Mr. Hewett of Ipswich, in Suffolk; and delivered to Mr. Allen by Philip Broke Esq^r., and Sir John Hewett, Bar^t., to present to the King.

Mr. Dibdin says "His Majesty's copy is the only perfect one I ever saw." *Typographical Antiquities*. vol. 1. p. 220.

Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The second impression, with his Portrait from the original Picture in the possession of Mr. Felton. fol. London, 1632.

In the front of this inestimable Book are the following illustrious Autographs, and literary history,—

“Dum spiro spero. C. R.”

In the writing of King Charles the First.

Bought at the sale of Dr. Antony Askew, Feb^y. 14th. 1775, at the enormous price of Five Pounds ten shillings.

George Steevens.

It appears that Dr. Askew purchased this Book at Dr. Mead's sale for £2. 12. 6.

“Ex Dono sereniss. Regis Car. servo suo humiliss.

T. Herberto.”

In the handwriting of Mr. Herbert.

1 { Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels to K. Charles 1.

2 { “This is a mistake, he having been Groom of the Bedchamber to K. Charles 1., but Sir Henry Herbert was Master of the Revels.”

The two lines marked No. 1 were written by Mr. Stevens, at whose sale this book was purchased,—And the correction marked No. 2 was made and written by His late Majesty George III.

Fred. Aug. Barnard,

Librarian.

In the Introduction to the Catalogue of the Royal Library, Mr. Barnard observes, “If King

Charles the First was ever able to form a more important Library, it shared the fate of his other valuable Collections, and was dispersed; for so rancorous was the enmity which prevailed against that unfortunate Monarch, that even Milton unfeelingly and illiberally reproached him with consoling himself during his confinement in the Isle of Wight, with his favourite author Shakespeare, "the well known closet companion of his solitude"; and that instead of spending his time in Prayer and devotion, he was studying the art of dissembling, from the character of King Richard the Third. It is a curious circumstance, that the identical copy of Shakespeare's Works here alluded to, which the King marked with his accustomed adage *Dum Spiro Spero*, and gave to his loyal and affectionate servant, Sir Thomas Herbert, should now be preserved in the Royal Library, a melancholy record of those unhappy times.

A LIST OF BOOKS GIVEN TO THE KING BY
MR. BRYANT, OCTOBER 1ST, 1782.

N.B. The above title is in the handwriting of His late Majesty King George the Third.

The List itself is written by Mr. Bryant, and occasional notices are added by Mr. Barnard.

Books presented.

1. Lactantii opera. fol. 1468. Suueynheym et Pannartz.

Cette édition est encore fort rare, et très recherchée des curieux. See De Bure No. 292. The initial Letters are finely illuminated.

2. *Sancti Gregorii Decretales*. fol. Moguntiaë, per Petrum Schoeffer, 1473.

It is printed partly on paper and partly on vellum, and has illuminations. M. Maittaire fait mention de cette édition, qui est très rare, et dont il a vue deux exemplaires, &c. De Bure N°. 922. It was formerly in the Harleian Collection.

3. *Boccaccio De Mulieribus claris*. fol. Ulmæ, per Johannem Zeyner de Reutlingen, 1473.

In this book are some very early specimens of engraving upon wood; perhaps the most early. See De Bure No. 6098. Première édition de ce livre rare et recherchée.

4. *Sancti Isidori Hispalens. Etymologicum*. fol.

A very ancient edition, without date, and without the name of either place or printer. Not mentioned by De Bure, nor do I find it taken notice of by any writer, or in any Catalogue. Hence I should think it very scarce. See the note of the Duc de la Vallière N°. 2185 Harl. Cat. N°. 15473. Hanc editionem cui neque loci neque anni ulla nota subjicitur, typi demonstrant ipsi vetustissimam.

5. *Historia Tripartita, ex Socrate, Sozomeno et Theodorito desumpta*. fol. Augustæ, 1472, per Johan. Schuzler.

I do not find this in De Bure. See De Bure N°. 4394. Edition recherchée par les curieux; on fait très peu de cas de toutes les autres.

6. *Sⁱ Thomæ Aquinatis Prima pars secundæ Partis Summæ*. fol. upon vellum. Moguntiaë, 1471, per Petrum Schoeffer.

Very scarce, and not mentioned by De Bure. The first leaf is wanting. Maittaire gives this book to the year 1472, which is an error. See also Harl. Cat. N°. 953.

7. Flavii Josephi Historiarum lib. vii. fol. Romæ, 1475, per Arnold Pannartz.

On fait beaucoup de cas de cette édition ; quoiqu' elle ne contienne cependant que les vii. livres concernant la guerre des Juifs, parceque l'impression en est magnifiquement exécutée en lettres rondes. Les exemplaires en sont d'ailleurs devenus rares dans le commerce. De Bure N°. 4677.

8. Æneæ Sylvii (qui et Pius Secūndus) epistolæ. fol.

A very ancient edition. See a Manuscript account prefixed to the beginning of this book, which is taken from the Index Expurgatorius.

9. Senecæ Tragædiæ. fol.

Printed, as we may infer, at Ferrara. Editio Princeps. Not mentioned by De Bure or Maittaire. Editio Prima impressa anno 1481, in quo Hercules Dux Ferrariæ Victor rediit è bello Veneto, ut ex versibus in fine videtur.

10. Bartholomæus Anglus, de Proprietatibus rerum. fol.

A fine copy of uncertain date ; but very ancient. Bought at the sale of Dr. Meade for 15^s. Not mentioned by De Bure.

11. Sidonii Apollinaris Poema Aureum.

4^{to}. Mediolani, 1478, per Uldaricum Scinzenzeler.

Editio Princeps. See De Bure N°. 2860.

12. Dialogus Creaturarum. fol. Goudæ. 1482.

It has many specimens of engraving upon wood. Concerning the Editions of this book, see De Bure vol. 2. p. xxvi. also p. 170.

13. Horatii opera, curâ Landini. fol. Venetiis, 1483.

An Edition of this book was in the preceding year (1482) printed at Florence.

14. P. Papirii Statii Thebais. fol.

A fine copy with the initial letters illuminated. No date, place, or printer's name specified,—but the Edition very early. Not noticed by De Bure, Maittaire, Fabricius, Markland in his preface. Orlandi seems to have seen it, by the title of his first Statius.

15. Valerii Maximi factorum et dictorum Memorabilium liber. fol. Venetiis, 1474, per Johan de Coloniâ et Manthen de Gherretshem.

16. Beati Gregorii Moralia; aliaque ipsius opera. fol.

A very ancient edition. Upon the blank leaves immediately preceding, and subsequent to the printed sheets is to be discovered very plainly the Heifer's head; which was a particular mark of very ancient paper.

17. Antonii Panormitani epistolæ. fol.

A very ancient edition; not mentioned by De Bure, nor do I know any writer, by whom this book is mentioned. This Author's real name is Beccatellus; but this book is not noticed by Fabricius amongst his other works.

18. Donati in Terentii Comœdias Comment. fol. Mediolani, 1476, per Ant. Zarottum.

Not mentioned by De Bure, Maittaire or Fabricius.

19. Terentii Comœdiæ, cum comment. Donati. fol. Tarvisii, 1477. v. Fabricius
20. Leonardi Aretini de Bello Gothico. fol. Fulgentiæ, 1470.

Edition très rare et la première de ce livre. See De Bure no. 5015. Bought at Dr. Mead's sale. De Bure and Maittaire have transcribed the Colophon of this book erroneously, which has occasioned the doubt if it was printed at Fulgentium.

21. Sancti Leonis Papæ Sermones. fol.

Printed in the Pontificate of Pope Pius (Paul) the Second, who died anno 1471. This, without any farther date, shows the antiquity of the book. By comparing this Edition with Campanus's edition of Quinctilian printed at Rome by Udalricus Gallus in 1470, it appears to have been printed with the same types. Laire and the Catalogue of the Duke de la Valière fix the date to the end of the year 1470.

22. Virgilii opera, 12°. Venetiis, 1505, apud Aldum.

23. Marci Antonii Sabellici Enneadum libri tres, sive ab Orbe condito historia. fol. Venetiis, 1498. This volume is finely illuminated, but hurt by the worm, which may easily be repaired.

N.B.—This work of Sabellicus consists properly of Seven Enneades; for which reason another entire copy is sent, from whence this noble volume may be completed. For a second may out of this

be taken, and bound up similar to the former. It is a scarce Work, and not mentioned by De Bure, nor to be found in the Catalogue of Mr. Gaignat.

24. Marci Ant. Sabellici historiæ Venetæ
Decades quatuor. fol. Venetiis, 1487,
per Andream de Torresanis de Asulâ.

An edition not very obvious, as we may learn from De Bure. M. A. C. Sabellici. Hist. rerum Venetarum. Ouvrage peu commun, et recherché, &c. N°. 5035. This volume completes the Historical works of Sabellicus. It is a book finely printed for the time; and has a noble margin, which should not be diminished, if it be new bound. [Upon vellum.]

25. Le Recueil des histoires composé par Raoul le Fevre. fol. Cologne, printed between 1464 and 1467.¹

See a manuscript account in the book.

26. The Doctrinal of Sapyence, translated out of Frenshe by Wylllyam Caxton. fol. on vellum. Westminster, 1489.

27. Missale secundum usum Ecclesiæ Saris-buriensis. fol. on vellum. Rothomagi, 1497.

¹ Now assigned to Bruges, Caxton and Colard Mansion, or Mansion alone, 1475 or 1476.

REVIEWS.

Descriptive List of the Maps of the Spanish Possessions within the present limits of the United States, 1502-1820. By [the late] Woodbury Lowery. Completed by P. Lee Phillips, Chief, Division of Maps and Charts, Library of Congress. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 1912. 8vo. pp. x. 567. Price \$1.00.

THIS is a catalogue founded on a bequest by Woodbury Lowery, which took effect upon his death on 11th April, 1906, and which, with other literary collections, gave to the Library of Congress a collection of 306 maps grouped under the above title. Associated with this collection for the purpose of the list are 206 maps in the Library of Congress (map division), and 184 in other collections. In a Prefatory note are set out also the titles of 101 maps, in manuscript, recently transferred to the Library of Congress from the collection of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey drawn by J. G. Kohl.

Its contents are sufficiently indicated by its title. The list is an important addition to the very few existing subject-catalogues of maps supplied with full descriptive details. Such work hardly admits of detailed criticism, but it is so much of an innovation in cataloguing as to invite consideration generally, from the point of view particularly of form, method and detail. The building up of series of special descriptive catalogues grouping together individual

maps on various lines of classification might, obviously, lead in time to an enormous accumulation of printed matter which, in a large measure, would be in the form of repetition in various arrangements of the same materials.

The List now published may be examined from the point of view of this possibility and of the evils which might result therefrom.

The descriptive matter of which it consists is composed of three elements: (i) the original catalogue notes of Mr. Lowery, which do not appear to have been subject to any revision by the present editor, although they are in some cases in a somewhat abbreviated and disjointed form; (ii) the original notes of the editor; and (iii) excerpts, titles and references, from other sources, collected by the editor. It may be observed, in regard to the two latter portions of the work, that their arrangement, especially in the matter of type, punctuation, and the use of capitals, italics and inverted commas, produces rather a confused effect, and makes the assimilation of the real meaning by the reader distinctly troublesome. Very frequently it is difficult to disentangle the text for which the editor is responsible, from the quotations, titles and references; and confusion permeates this part of the text as to the exact point at which extracts end and the text of the editor is resumed. No rigid rule seems to be followed as to the use of double and single inverted commas, and as to the printing of titles of books in italic or roman type, and as to their inclusion or not in inverted commas. Facility of consultation is cer-

tainly much prejudiced by this want of uniformity. It may be doubted also whether the frequent printing at length of the reference to 'Phillips' List of Geographical Atlases,' which occurs sometimes as often as four times on a single page, and occasionally several times in a very few lines, is necessary; it is certainly fatiguing to the reader. Seeing that the latter work is the standard and basis of map-cataloguing as far as the Library of Congress is concerned, and that this special list is in the nature of a supplement to and is arranged exactly on the model of the Atlas List, a very short abbreviation would be adequate, and would certainly be pleasanter to follow in the text. This is a blemish only, but the rather scrappy appearance given to the general text is certainly something more than a blemish from a typographical standpoint, and might be amended possibly in any future work constructed on the same or like lines.

The expediency of making so large an addition of extracts and citations may be questioned. In some cases five, six, or seven pages of this form of annotation are expended on a single map. As has been suggested, such wealth of extracts and detailed references is a possible embarrassment in future catalogues, involving duplication on a large scale. In view of anything in the nature of a series of descriptive catalogues made up of details of individual maps, such as may very well little by little come into being, some set of standard references would seem worth consideration. Probably the soundest foundation for map-cataloguing is the Atlas Catalogue, and here the Library of Congress,

in its admirable and original List of Geographical Atlases, compiled by the editor of the List now under review, has an unique basis, to which, indeed, the present List of Maps adapts itself as far as it goes on common ground. If the large number of notes and extracts of textual matter can be justified as not involving verbal extravagance in their application to individual and detached maps, they are subject, to a small extent, to the criticism that, uncontrolled, they may perpetuate and stereotype error, and that also their association with a context may not be perfect. There is certainly some lack of literary fluency and of clearness in the present case. To deal with particular examples which suggest themselves in a study of the text, it may be asked whether a quotation from Hallam's 'Literature of Europe' has any value in the modern study of historical cartography (p. 74)? and it must be noted that the statement quoted (p. 122) from the 'Dictionary of National Biography' as to John Speed, 'In 1607 he copied Norden's map of Surrey for the first edition of Camden's "Britannia,"' contains two grave blunders—the first edition of the 'Britannia' being of 1586, and the folio edition of 1607 (the first illustrated by a set of county maps), containing no map at all by Speed, the particular map referred to being engraved by William Kip after Norden. Again, on page 160, the Preface to a section of the 'Calendar of State Papers' is quoted as attributing to John Ogilby, whose 'Britannia' was published in 1675, and who died in 1676, the position of 'originator' of 'Paterson's Roads,' the latter publication, which

differed essentially from Ogilby's work, appearing nearly a century later, in 1771 ('A New and Accurate Description'). The suggested connection between these two publications has no historical consistency. These are comparatively trifling matters; but they illustrate the danger of accepting without examination the text of what are regarded as 'authorities.' A more substantial point arises on page 143, in the treatment of the maps and atlases of Nicolas Sanson the elder. The present writer is not aware of any foundation for the statement that the collection of maps of this celebrated geographer, entitled '*Les cartes générales de toutes les parties du monde*' can be carried back to as early as 1644. It is true that some of Sanson's maps are of dates of this and earlier periods, and may have been put together even by then in atlas form; but it appears that there is no printed title-page and printed list of contents of an actual atlas earlier than 1658, and, if this be the case, that date is the only one to which the commencement of a settled series of atlases under the above title can be properly attributed. In general there seems in the notes and extracts a confusion between the contemporaneous plates of the rival cartographical establishments of the Blaeus and Janssons and their respective successors, a confusion which arises in the original notes of Lowery. It may also be observed that the quotation from a summarized notice relative to the cartographer John Cary hardly does him justice. As a matter of fact further investigation of the work of this cartographer very much strengthens his position as a

map engraver, and shows that his output was very large indeed and distinguished by much cartographic ability. The absence of particulars of the scales of the maps described may be regarded as a serious defect in description. Obviously the scale is at least as important to the proper literary description of a map as the dimensions of its proper surface. Of course any statement of scale in early maps is very approximate, but in all cases it seems both illustrative and instructive, and it appears curious that this fundamental detail should be uniformly omitted in this 'Descriptive List.' Other details of description might have been uniformly added in a systematic arrangement; but this has not fallen within the plan of the work, and no criticism is appropriate. It will be gathered from the above observations, that in view of future descriptive lists of maps, and the desirability of their co-ordination and of the setting up of some standard of both method and grouping of material, some agreement between librarians and those to whom may be confided the work of compiling such lists is considered possible, and would be well put forward for discussion.

Notwithstanding the above criticisms, this particular 'Descriptive List,' when studied in connection with the previous Catalogue of Atlases, is a work of great interest and value. Its form and method are very instructive, and the several indexes are undoubtedly works of considerable art. The general get-up of the book is charming, and the price at which it is put on the market extremely moderate.

H. G. F.

Library Classification and Cataloguing. By James Duff Brown. Illustrated. London, Libraco Ltd. 1912. pp. xii, 261. Price 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Brown's 'Library Economy' has established itself as an indispensable book, and this new work on 'Library Classification and Cataloguing' attains the same excellence. Every important system of classification is here set forth, and pages from all the chief catalogues are reproduced in miniature as illustrations. The annotated 'Rules for Cataloguing' are reprinted from the 'Library Economy,' and some of the Appendixes have also appeared before. In that on Dates we regret to see that Mr. Brown still puts forward MXCVIIIIM as a way of writing 1902. It is possible that a parallel may be found in some book (parallels for most follies may be found in books), but that it is a freak and not a normal method of date-writing, just as it would be a freak to express 2 by VIIIIX, we are quite clear.

Catalogue of the books and papers for the most part relating to the University Town and County of Cambridge bequeathed to the University by John Willis Clark. By A. T. Bartholomew. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1912. pp. xiv, 282. Price 7s. 6d. net.

The late J. W. Clark, the Registry of the University of Cambridge, bequeathed to the University Library a collection of upwards of ten thousand books, pamphlets and pieces of print

relating, directly or indirectly, to the University, including some whose primary reference is to the town or county of Cambridge. The formation of this collection had been one of Mr. Clark's hobbies during just half a century, and was materially aided by purchases from the gatherings of the Rev. Stephen Parkinson and Henry Bradshaw, and from the remarkable Catalogue of Cambridge Books issued in 1894 by Mr. Bowes, and by a bequest of the University pamphlets and Bentleiana collected by Dr. Luard, Mr. Clark's predecessor as Registrary. A manuscript catalogue was compiled by Mr. Clark, with the help of Mr. Alfred Rogers, of the University Library, and the present catalogue is based on this. 'In form it is a dictionary catalogue, with authors and subjects in one alphabetical arrangement. The titles have been kept short; and the main purpose has been to give an idea of the historical value of the collection rather than bibliographical descriptions of the books which compose it. To this end the subject-headings have been made as complete as possible.' The subject cross-references seem hardly as complete as might be expected from this last sentence. Thus, in the excellent list of the writings of Mr. Clark himself, there are entries of two concerned with Dr. Whewell, of an article entitled '*Temporis Mutantur*' concerned with the reception of Queen Elizabeth in 1564, and of three notes read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society in 1879 dealing with King's College and the Church of S. John Zachary. Yet we can find no references to these under the name of Whewell,

or Elizabeth, King's College, or the church. Again under 'Library,' are entered three issues of a 'Statement and list of supporters' in connection with the 'election of F. J. H. Jenkinson, M.A., Trin. Coll., as Librarian,' but there is no reference to this under 'Jenkinson.' In other cases the expected references have duly been found, and there may be an explanation as regards those here mentioned which we have overlooked. As to the 'historical value' of the collection, a full idea of this could only be obtained with the aid of some kind of chronological index, but it is undoubtedly very great, and the University Library is much to be congratulated on this acquisition.

Catalogue of the Periodical Publications in the Library of the Royal Society of London. (Compiled by Mr. Luxmoore Newcombe, Sub-librarian of University College, London, and Mr. L. Elston, M.A.) London, Printed for the Royal Society at the Oxford University Press and sold by Henry Frowde, Amen Corner, E.C. 1912. pp. viii, 455.

Catalogue of the Periodical Publications including the serial publications of Societies and Governments in the Library of University College, London. By L. Newcombe. Oxford, Printed for University College, London, by Horace Hart. pp. vii, 269.

The second of these two Catalogues possesses a very useful Subject Index, which, though professedly not quite complete and 'merely intended

as a rough guide to the chief periodicals in the various departments of the Library,' adds greatly to its value. With this exception they are compiled on the same general plan and distinguished by the same excellent typographical arrangement. Every periodical is entered under the first word in the title (other than an article), and the entries are arranged strictly in alphabetical order, a number being prefixed to each, which greatly abridges cross-references. In the Royal Society Catalogue these are given from Editors as well as from variant forms of title, etc., University College saving space for its Subject Index by omitting these. In both Catalogues there is a full Index of Societies. In view of the enormous numbers of periodicals and of learned Societies printing 'Transactions,' it is impossible for any institution to take them all, and the value of these carefully compiled lists, showing what may be found in two collections of the first rank, is very great.

A. W. P.

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